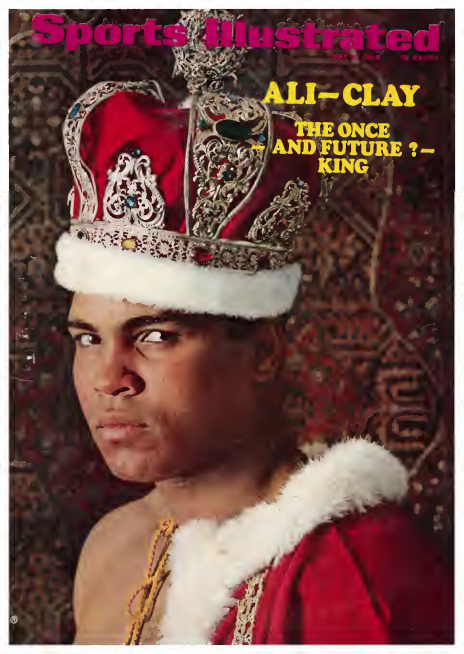


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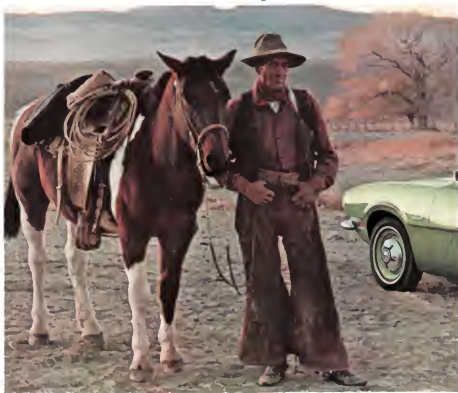


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Next week

THE DERBY REPORT by Whitney Tower and a crew of photographers captures all the color of the event and goes behind the scenes to discover the reasons for victory.

THE GRIZZLY ATTACKS in Glacier Park in 1967 have been blamed on everything but the real causes. After a lengthy inquiry, Jack Olsen writes the factual truth in a three-part series.

THE MODERN ARENA is creating new sports and entertainment patterns in small cities. Frank Deford explores the startling arena boom and finds no town complete without one.

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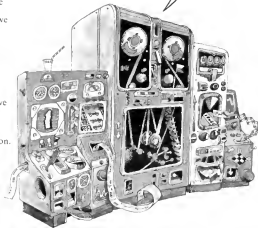
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SHOPWALK

Golf's walking wounded are having their swings analyzed by a kindly computer

Since February about 100 golfers, of varying degrees of skill, have been visiting a new pro golf shop at 147 East 47th Street in New York's Manhattan to have their golf swing analyzed by a new device called a Swing Recorder. The Recorder is an innocent-looking black box, less than two feet high, with a Polaroid camera affixed to the top. It is computerized to take pictures of a golfer at the very moment his club makes contact with a golf ball, recording his up-swing, downswing, follow-through, degree of power behind the swing, the ball's angle of climb, and the distance and rate of speed at which the ball will travel. Movies, though they may record a golfer's swing efficiently, are not capable of measuring the "carry" of a ball or the flex of the shaft, matters important in fitting clubs to a golfer's specific needs.

The new shop, called The World of Golf, a branch of Al Liebers' Golf Equipment Co. that has been tooling custom-made Hidden Power golf clubs for 40 years, owns one of the only two Swing Recorders in the country; the other is located at Bob Dargie's golf range in Memphis. Both Frank Malara Jr., president of the New York firm, and Bob Dargie of Memphis swear that the Swing Recorder has taken the guesswork out of club-fitting.

The machine was invented by a consulting mathematician from Chicago named E. J. Betinus, whose golfing father pestered him to come up with a "Tinkertoy" that would take his picture at the moment his club made contact with a ball. Betinus, whose background in problem-solving included three years as a computer analyst for IBM, worked on his Swing Recorder for the next four years and found himself knee-deep in equations involving problems in aerodynamics, ballistics, gravitational pull and other dark mathematical matters. "The key," says Betinus, "was logical circuitry, and the machine works on the electric-eyes principle." Who could argue with that?

Malara spends an hour or more with each golfer, in a room set up like a driving range, and takes an average of 16 pictures, which are in turn placed against an analytical chart. Interpreted correctly, the chart will establish the golfer's basic swing pattern. Then the golfer will hit balls with a variety of clubs of different lengths, swing weights, shaft flex, etc., until the Recorder has established which club is suited to the golfer's particular needs. One golfer may require a 12" loft built into his clubs, another an unusually flexible shaft and so on. The analysis costs \$25, a sum subtracted from the cost of the clubs. "It's like psychiatry," according to Malara, "only more fun."

—JEANETTE BRUCE



The new car story makes Life peachy for Del Monte.

COME TO LIFE!

As we were saying, we'll try to make one simple point: The good things we put on our pages help sell the good things you put on our pages.

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SCORECARD

SAMSON AGONISTS

In asking for the return of all Alpine skiing medals won at the 1968 Winter Olympics, Avery Brundage seems to be working himself into a Samson-like position, with the walls of the Olympic structure threatening to fall around his ears. Granted, Alpine skiing is shot through with commercialism and, granted, the Olympics are supposed to be limited to Simon-pure amateurs. But, as Ben Fuller, president of the Canadian Amateur Ski Association, commented, "You don't ask for the medals back. If there was any question about them, they shouldn't have been awarded. It's an exercise in absurdity."

Yet Brundage is neither absurd nor naive. What the belligerent, 81-year-old president of the International Olympic Committee is doing is declaring open war on the Fédération Internationale de Ski. Brundage said, "It is obvious that Alpine skiing has not been properly controlled, and therefore I wrote to the FIS and asked when the medals would be returned." His formal statement continued: "Despite the annual Alpine circus operated by the FIS each winter, which requires the exclusive services of the participants for half the year and more, it seems that sliding down mountains is not the most important sport in the world and it is doubtful if it should be on the Olympic program."

How Sapporo, Japan, the site of the 1972 Winter Games, will react to this was not clear. Brundage, who has had a long love affair with the Far East, must have felt a great deal of personal satisfaction when the Games were awarded to Japan. But if Alpine skiing goes, will Sapporo still want the Games? Will anybody? And if the Winter Games go, can the Summer Games be far behind? Watch out for those walls, Samson.

SKI A LA BOEUF

Some really amateur Alpine skiers held a brisk competition at Sugarloaf in Maine late in April, where the world

heavyweight ski championship for racers over 200 pounds was won by 19-year-old John Truden, who weighed in at 401 in his ski boots. It took John 57.6 seconds to slither down the 30-gate slalom course, and has 20-second handicap (one second for every 10 pounds over 200) reduced, if that's the right word, his net time to 37.6. Second was Tiny Stacy, 407 pounds, and third was Duffy Dodge, practically a skeleton at 235. Dodge's time was an impressive 42.4 but he had only a three-second handicap. Heaviest man in the field was William Roberts at 426. The entry fee, 34¢ a pound, cost Roberts \$12.78. There were 57 entries in all, and the fees, which went to the Pine Tree Society for Crippled Children, fatted up to more than \$450.

Après ski, the victorious Truden headed for the hospital, where doctors hope to slim him down to a svelte 300. Before leaving, the champion celebrated his last day of freedom by knocking off 12 hot dogs, four milk shakes and a slab of apple pie with ice cream topping. *Ski hell!*

GOLFERS, BEWARE

The Golf Journal, official publication of the U.S. Golf Association, recently reported on a couple of items that should be of interest—and serve as a warning—to golfers and golf clubs.

First, it is tradition—in comic strips, anyway—for a frustrated golfer to wrap an offending wood or iron around a tree after a disastrous shot. Thus, *The Golf Journal* says, can backfire. A man in Indiana hit a vicious hook off the tee and angrily smashed his driver against a ball washer that sat on a tripod base. The club shattered when it hit two legs of the tripod simultaneously, and the head end, which had about 10 inches of shaft, snapped back and stabbed the golfer in the chest, deep enough to puncture a lung.

Second, the Internal Revenue Service has cracked down on a social club that sold liquor to its members for off-prem-

ises use. The IRS held that a club formed for social, recreational and sporting purposes can legitimately sell food and beverages for consumption in the club as part of its function, and in so doing it is tax exempt. But, if the club sells liquor to members to be consumed elsewhere, it is exceeding its legitimate function and is no longer entitled to its tax-exempt status.

Better be careful about asking Charley the Bartender to put a fifth of Scotch in a brown paper bag. And watch out for those ball washers.

UP THE FLAGPOLE

The first big collegiate football telecast next fall will present Southern Methodist vs. Air Force Academy, the Mustangs against the Falcons.

Chevrolet is one of the sponsors.

ANYTHING YOU CAN DO

Peggy Fleming, who will be starring in the Shipstads & Johnson Ice Follies at Madison Square Garden from May 22 through June 1, ought to be enough of a drawing card to satisfy even such eager-beaver entrepreneurs as S&J, but Peggy is liable to get some competition from



another star being introduced this year—an electronic robot named Commander, who walks, talks and skates. Commander is a complex combination of parts that include a 14-channel receiver, seven motors, 50 pounds of batteries, clusters of servo switches, a tape recorder and amplifier, assorted light bulbs and large, soulful eyes. Miss Fleming's co-

continued

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SCORECARD *revisited*

star can skate forward, backward, stand on tiptoe, go into spins and bend at the ankles and hips.

In addition, Commander has one thing the Olympic gold medal winner happily lacks, a see-through body, "because," explains Inventor David Colman, "people sometimes think there's a human inside."

O CAPTAIN! NY CAPTAIN!

Word reaches us from the beleaguered campus of Columbia University that sports are carrying on. The martial spirit, however, has infiltrated the world of fun and games, for the Columbia crew is captained by Bob Kadd and the golf team by Bob Bly. Rumor has it that the administration is thinking of endorsing Captain Kadd and Captain Bly in the continuing struggle with campus mutineers, and it is reported that Columbia bird dogs are even now trying to recruit guys named Queeg and Hook.

IT'S ANYBODY'S RACE

A Japanese named Yoshiaki Umetani ran the 26-mile, 385-yard Boston Marathon last week in 2:13.49, a record. Alfred Ventrillo, a 62-year-old retired millworker, took two hours and 15 minutes longer. Ventrillo is blind. After a reunion at the finish line with his seeing-eye dog, he explained: "I knew they wouldn't let me run if I applied and sent in a medical report so I came on my own. I did this to inspire blind people, to show what they can do." Despite an official ban on female entrants, three husband-and-wife teams completed the race, one pair crossing the finish line hand in hand. And among the early finishers was a small runner with long, curly hair. It seemed a remarkable performance, especially for a girl.

"Well, I started at Wellesley," the youngster explained, "I ran only 17 miles."

"Don't you know girls aren't supposed to be in the race?" asked a marathon official.

"But I'm a boy," protested Gideon Ansell of Wayland, Mass.

It could only happen at the Boston Marathon, but nothing like it may ever happen again. This year's starting field of 1,152 was a record, and the jam was so great at the beginning, in suburban Hopkinton, that a full minute of the race had passed before the rear guard was able to cross the starting line.

revisited

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the cigar that's going places



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SCORECARD *continued*

"If they don't cut down the field, they can do without me," grumbled Jock Semple, the uneven-tempered majordomo of the marathon (SI, April 22, 1988), who must process all entries, check medical certificates and wait until the last man has finished. "Some of these jokers have 50- or 60-inch waists and they waltz in around 6 or 7 o'clock. I walked the course in 4:45. I don't know how some of them take seven hours."

Semple, of course, has a point in arguing that the field be limited, but should the character of the marathon be changed it would be a sad day. The race is one of the last bastions of pure amateurism, part of its glamour is that anyone can run in the same field with the world's best. Most of the competitors would like to see it remain open. "This is a civic legend," said Young John Kelley, 38 and a past winner. "Everyone who competes is a worthy competitor." Old John Kelley (no kn), who is 61, ran in the marathon this year for the 38th time. No onlooker left his spot along the course until Old John had passed. Kelley treasures "all the applause and the people shouting my name and cheering in all those towns. It brings tears to my eyes all during the race."

"No other marathon is like this one," said Erich Segal, a Yale classics professor and Hollywood writer who has run, and finished quite respectably, 12 times. "There's a friend who waves to me from the same spot every year, and every year I notice he's a little fatter."

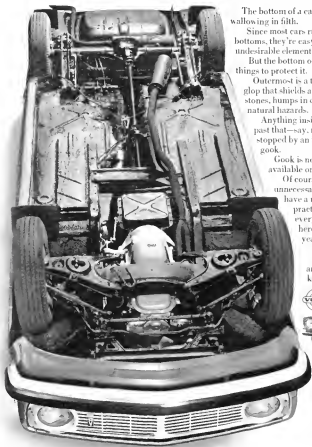
But, while it may be assumed that the race usually goes to the fit (as well as the swift), it does not necessarily produce fitness in the running. Some competitors seem to finish the race on will alone, collapsing at the end, nauseous and trembling, their feet blistered and bleeding. A Boston podiatrist said, "After the race I see feet that look as though they've been through a meat grinder."

JOG PATHOLOGY

And it doesn't necessarily take a marathon to beat up your feet. Letters appearing in *The Journal of the American Medical Association* have warned that plain old jogging, while certainly beneficial to cardiovascular health, can wreak havoc with your pedal extremities if you're not careful. If you jog flat-footed (that is, rocking from heel to toe, which is standard procedure for most

by continued

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SCORECARD *continued*

joggers, especially new, overweight ones) you run the risk of getting "jogger's heel," or painful discomfort in the heel pad. If you try to avoid this damage to your heel by getting up on your toes and really running, you are even more apt to suffer "sprinter's foot," which is a breakdown or "march" fracture in the metatarsal area.

The solution? Don't jog too much too soon. It takes time for the foot to adjust itself to the unaccustomed strain of jogging.

SOMETHING NICE IN A STRIPE

Dr. Eugene Clark, the ichthyologist (SI, Oct. 4, 1963) who wrote the book *Lady with a Spear*, had a few words to say about sharks the other day. Experiments in which sharks were taught to obtain food by "reading" various symbols indicated that a shark can tell a square from a diamond but cannot tell a square from a circle. It is not immediately obvious how much help that intelligence would be to a swimmer suddenly come upon a shark, but Dr. Clark went on to report that the easiest thing for a shark to spot was stripes. The obvious conclusion, she said, was not to wear a striped bathing suit if you expect to meet a shark.

Dr. Clark complained mildly that everywhere she goes people ask her about sharks. "I'd rather talk about the belted sandfish," she said. And no wonder, for the belted sandfish is a fascinating type who is not belted and does not live in sand but does have the singular ability to change its sex from male to female in seconds. "When it is male, it has stripes," Dr. Clark observed. "When it is female, the stripes disappear. When two sandfish meet, they fight over who will be female first."

You masculine-oriented people may raise eyebrows at this, but with all those stripe-happy sharks around who can blame the sandfish?

THEY SAID IT

• Roy Hofheinz, owner of the Houston Astros, noting a crowd of 6,000 at a dawn jogging exhibition in his Astrodome: "Maybe we ought to schedule our baseball games at 6 a.m."

• Dick Trachok, asked if he was going into politics after retiring as the University of Nevada's football coach: "When you're a coach, you're already in politics."

END

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THE DECK IS SHUFFLED

Red Schoendienst's Cardinals, the hottest preseason favorites, were in the cellar, while Pittsburgh and Chicago were quarreling for the championship of at least half the National League **by MARK MULVOY**

There was, everyone agreed on baseball's Opening Day, only one team in the major leagues certain to win its division championship. There was, in fact, only one question: When? Memorial Day, July 4th or Labor Day? By one of those days the St. Louis Cardinals would have raced through the Eastern Division of the National League like an SDS detachment coursing through Harvard Yard. The Cardinals, after all, had won pennants in 1967 and 1968 and now they had added names like Torre and Pison and Giusti to a roster already loaded with such old familiars as Gibson and McCarver, Flood, Brock, Shannon and Javier.

Last Sunday, with the 1989 season less than three weeks old, this modern juggernaut was six games away, down there in last place with New York and with the Expos, who were not born a year ago. Mr. Panic was walking across the Mississippi River toward the Gateway Arch.

The Chicago Cubs, tossed aside as mere pretenders, won 11 of their first 12 games, including successive shutouts over the Cardinals. But, as if one agitator was not bad enough, there were the Pittsburgh Pirates, supposedly building for 1976 or 1985. They beat the Cubs in both games of a doubleheader. Mr. Panic was checking

continued

the St. Louis football schedules for fall television.

There was a popular explanation for the early failures of the Cardinals. The people who buy baseball tickets and six-packs of Bud said the Cardinals were "Fat Cats" overpaid and undercompetitive. To the accompaniment of some fairly sordid caterwauling before the home folks in Busch Stadium, they lost eight of their first nine games and were shut out three times in six days. The lone victory came against the Expos, and it was the result of a bases-loaded walk in the bottom of the ninth.

The St. Louis players resented the reception they were getting. "They are not entitled to abuse us because of how much money we are making," Bob Gibson, the pitcher, said when the team arrived in Chicago last week. "Nobody resents what a doctor makes. You can call a doctor on the phone and he will charge you \$20. I don't read that." Tim McCarver, the catcher, said, "We do our job the best we can. That's what we get paid for. Besides, with the tax structure in this country today, nobody's making any money anyway."

But this was so much talk. The Cardinals simply were in a dreadful team slump. Every opponent seemed to pitch like Mackey Lohr, hit like Jim Northrup and field like Al Kaline. Lou Brock and Curt Flood, the men who usually ignite the Cardinal offense, were almost

automatic outs at the plate. They were on base together only six times in the Cardinals' first 16 games—and St. Louis lost 10 of them. Things were so bad that Brock could not even reach first base to get picked off.

The Cardinals have been through disastrous slumps before. As Curt Flood said, "Streaks—good and bad—come at strange times. Last year no one noticed we had a bad May because we had a real good record [13-5] in April. The trouble with this losing streak is that it's happening right at the start of the season, when everyone can see things perfectly. But we'll start to click soon and go on a streak the other way."

Manager Red Schoendienst, perhaps the most unperturbable man in baseball, approaches these slumps with characteristic calm. He never juggles his lineup like a Gene Mauch or a Bill Rigney, nor does he hold long clubhouse meetings to discuss situations or issue ultimatums. Throughout this unproductive period his Cardinals managed to remain lively, communicative and fun-loving. Their clubhouse still was a branch of a local discotheque, with music blaring from all directions, and the players could laugh. In Philadelphia, for instance, Brock spotted a young couple kissing in the second deck. "Hey, hey, hey," he yelled. "Cut that out." The other Cardinals started to laugh at the young girl and young boy. "Do it again," Brock

said, "and we'll all give you a standing ovation." The couple declined.

Nevertheless, the Cardinals were still in last place last Saturday night when they played the Phillies at Connie Mack Stadium. The Cubs and the Pirates both had won earlier in the day and, if St. Louis lost, the team would be six games behind in the loss column. It is somewhat ridiculous to say a Saturday night game in Philadelphia in April is crucial—but the Cards considered this one big.

Schoendienst made one slight change in the lineup: he dropped Brock from first to second in the batting order. The clubs were tied after eight innings, then Reliever Barry Lersch retired the first two Cardinals in the ninth. Brock came to the plate, he and his .120 batting average. This time he hit a long home run, and the hit seemed to inflame the Cardinals. They scored five more runs, with McCarver hitting a grand slam home run, and for the first time in 1969 they had staged what could be called a rally. For 24 hours, anyway, it seemed that the turning point had been reached.

While St. Louis was thus engaged trying to straighten itself out, the Cubs and the Pirates played like the Cards were supposed to. Chicagians responded by turning out in impressive numbers at Wrigley Field. They carried banners through the tiers (SEX IS GREAT, BOOZE IS FINE, THE CUBS WILL SHINE IN '69), and little old ladies walked down to the edge of the dugout and told Manager Leo Durocher to "open up a new can of pitchers." In Pittsburgh the burghers were less impressed. They had been promised winners the last few years, only to see their best prospects fizzle. They seem to have adopted a wait-and-see attitude and presumably will stay away until the Pirates prove they can win with consistency.

The Cubs totally reflect the character of Leo Durocher. Since he is superstitious all the way from clothes to seating arrangements on buses and airplanes, the Cubs step lively between the cracks on sidewalks. The boss goes first-class jet, with people like Frank Sinatra, the Cubs do, too—often chartering jets (unlike the majority of major league teams) and putting up in places like the Waldorf-Astoria in New York, where the rooms are never two-by-four. Dress is strictly optional. Mr. Durocher prefers sweaters and mock turtle-necks, the Cubs prefer sweaters and mock tur-



Dan Kassinger slammering homer against Meltz, became Cub regular on learning to switch-hit.

linemen and there are no threats of fines or suspension.

When Durocher took over the Cubs in 1965, he inherited an eighth-place team. It became a 10th-place team that next year, proving that Durocher was no miracle worker. It became a third-place team the next two years, proving that he was Durocher, in fact, built a winning club. To start, he acquired Catcher Randy Hundley and Pitcher Bill Hands from the San Francisco Giants, then he traded for Adolfo Phillips and Ferguson Jenkins of the Phillies. Only one of the four players he yielded in these trades still plays in the major leagues. Hundley is baseball's most durable catcher. Hands won 16 games last year. Phillips is a fine centerfielder when he wants to play. And Jenkins has developed into one of the four or five best pitchers in the league.

"They never gave me a chance in Philadelphia," Jenkins says. "Leo gives me the ball every four days and tells me to go out and pitch." Jenkins, only 25, won 20 games in each of the last two years and is 3-1 right now.

Still not satisfied after his two trades, Durocher began searching for a shortstop. He had a young one named Don Kessinger but, said Durocher, he would never make it. But one day he and Kessinger had an idea: switch hitting. "Try it," Durocher said. Kessinger did and instantly he acquired the confidence he needed to become what Durocher thought he was not—a ballplayer. He now is a good hitter, a superior fielder, a fine walking leadoff man and, with Glenn Beckert, the second baseman, he helps form one of the best double-play teams in baseball. Last Friday night Kessinger hit his first home run left-handed—a shot that helped the Cubs beat the Mets in New York.

Beckert listened to Durocher, too. "He told me I'd make as much money hitting singles and doubles as other players who hit home runs," Beckert said. "So I closed my stance, shortened my swing and watched Dick Groat and the way he went to right field. I could be a guy who hits 12 home runs but bats .210 and doesn't help his club. I think what I'm doing now helps the Cubs." Beckert is a .290 hitter and strikes out less than any regular in the league.

Durocher had his nucleus already, with Ron Santo at third base, Ernie Banks at first and Billy Williams, who

has not missed a game in almost six years, in left. He retired Banks three straight years, then every spring Banks beat out the handpicked replacement. "I wish I knew what pills he takes," Durocher said last week. Banks, Durocher should be one of the first to know, gets himself ready for the long season by spending two weeks in February at the Buckhorn Spa near Mesa, Ariz. He takes baths, baths, baths and he says he feels like a new 37-year-old after his stay.

The Cubs could use a top rightfielder but they have not had one in 10 years and so Durocher does not worry about the position much anymore. He does not worry about St. Louis, either. "I'm not thinking about anybody else's ball club," said Durocher. "Just my own. Let the other people worry about everything else. The Cardinals? They will be around, you know that."

But the biggest surprise of the early season has been the Pirates. "After reading everything about us in the spring," said Manager Larry Shepard, "you'd think we were going to finish 14th. When you lose big names [Maury Wills, Donn Clendenon, Manny Mota, Al Melkan], replace them with unknowns [Richie Hebner, Bob Robertson, Al Oliver and Fred Patek] and then have a bad spring, it leads to pessimism." Rarely do such moves lead to a dynasty. This could be one of those times, although it is awfully early to predict. "It was imperative that we get off to a fast start because of all the kids," said 37-year-old Jim Bunning. "If we had started like the Cleveland Indians, well, I don't know what would have happened the rest of the season."

Shepard has been platooning most of his young players. With the exception of Patek, the 5' 4" shortstop, replacing the injured Alley, so far has played a foot over his head.

The Pirates can afford to use these youngsters because they have more than enough experienced performers at the key positions. Bill Mazeroski still anchors the infield at second base, and Roberto Clemente is there in right field—complaining about his sore shoulders but hitting home runs and making Clemente-type plays in the field. He hit a two-run homer to beat Montreal last weekend after assuring anybody who would listen that he could not swing down on the ball.

A pleasing development has been the



The long and short of it for Pirates fans are new Fred Patek and old Willie Stargell.

comeback of Willie Stargell. The big outfielder slumped badly last year and hit only 237 with 24 home runs and 67 RBIs. "My wife said she couldn't put up with another year like that, and even my dog barked at me," Stargell said. He is off to a .350 start with four home runs so far. Off even better is Matty Alou, who at his present rate (29 hits in 17 games) will have 275 hits by the end of the year.

Pitcher Steve Blass, an 18-game winner in 1968, last week probably summarized the crazy, mixed-up division the best. "The first thing I look for in the paper every day," he said, "is the Cardinals' score. They've got to lose games—today, tomorrow, anytime." Everybody is treading gingerly ahead of the Cardinals. As Mazeroski said, "It is critical that we all get as far ahead of them as possible." Shut out in Philadelphia on four hits Sunday, St. Louis was still doing its bit to keep Maz, the Pittsburgh Pirates and the Chicago Cubs critically and satisfactorily ahead. **END**



Montreal's Jean Beliveau (4) fires the winning goal past Gerry Cheevers as Defenseman Ted Green hits the ice

GRAND JEAN A MIGHTY MAN IS HE

When Montreal needed a goal in sudden-death overtime to win its ferocious struggle with the Boston Bruins in the East's Stanley Cup finals, who was Jeanny on the spot? 'Capitaine' Beliveau, of course **by GARY RONBERG**

Offer this ending to any reputable movie scriptwriter and he would be perfectly justified if he punched you in the mouth: the sixth game of the most intriguing Stanley Cup hockey series in a decade is in its second overtime period. Flack goes the stick of Jean Beliveau, captain of the Montreal Canadiens and one of their last links with the famous teams of Rocket Richard and Doug Harvey. Zap goes the puck over the shoulder of Gerry Cheevers, goaltender of the Boston Bruins. Montreal wins the series; Beliveau, the idol of French Canada, moves a little bit nearer actual sainthood.

That is, of course, too pat to be believed, and of course that is exactly what happened at a quarter past midnight last Thursday in the Boston Garden. And the best thing about Beliveau is that he is in fact a paragon. Gentlemanly on the ice and off it, a miracle of modesty, a dutiful husband and a man whose loyalty to his team and its owners is unshakable, he has all the old-fashioned virtues.

As Beliveau demonstrated pretty clearly in the Boston series, he is the best hockey center who ever lived. Others have outscored him, others have looked flash-

ier on the ice, but none has had his ability to be in the right place at the right time so consistently or to pass the puck with his remarkable accuracy.

Beliveau and his swift but light-hitting teammates were ideal foils to the pugnacious Bruins. It was a case of the saints against the sinners, and this was a bad April for sinners, starting way back on the 10th when the Canadiens began a two-game home sweep. The Bruins had the notion they had outplayed Montreal, and so they had, except on the scoreboard. When the Bruins in turn swept the next two games, in Boston, they honestly believed they would bring the Hub its first Stanley Cup championship since 1941.

Through the first four games the Bruins had sought to intimidate the Canadiens, some of whom would rather skate than fight. The trouble was, the Canadiens kept bouncing right back. As the series resumed in the Forum on Tuesday, Boston's Derek Sanderson was out of action with a charley horse, and Rogan Vachon was in the Montreal goal again for the injured Lorne (Gump) Worsley. The Canadiens jumped to a 1-0 lead late in the first period and expanded it to 3-0 early in the second.

But the Bruins came charging back, and before the period was over they had fired a record 26 shots on Vachon. Some teams do not get 26 shots in an entire game—indeed, Montreal was to manage but 25 in this one—but the Bruins swept through the Canadiens as if they were working a 20-minute power play. Of Boston's 26 shots, however, only two—both by Ken Hodge—got past Vachon. Chunky and sideburned, Vachon had been shaky during the regular season—so much so that he almost wound up in Houston: hut, under heavy playoff pressure, he was both very good and very lucky. This was never more evident than in Vachon's confrontation with Phil Esposito, the record-setting point champion of the regular season. Esposito was getting more chances to score than one has in a pregame warmup. Blanked in the first two games in Montreal, he had come back with two goals and three assists in a Boston win, but now whatever eyes his stick had had were fogging up again. His futility reached a peak

continued

An impending sight in the Forum: Montreal's classy captain wheels up ice as Bobby Orr, Boston's pride, starts a rush for the Bruins





during that wild second period, in which he had six shots on goal and did not cash in a single one. "He had the puck so much I thought he owned it," said Vachon. "Every time I looked up, there he was, standing in front of me."

When the game was finally over, the Bruins had outshot Montreal 42-25 on the ice and lost 4-2 on the scoreboard. "In that second period," said Coach Harry Sinden afterward, "we had more chances to score than we did in our 10-0 win over Toronto to open the playoffs." Indeed Boston had—and the question hovering in the smoky air of many a Boston bar was, "What's wrong with Espo?"

"The guy's choking," said one NHL scout. "What other reason can there be?"

"How can you say that?" said another scout. "How many goals did he get in the regular season—49? Are you going to tell me none of those goals came in big games? They play big games in the regular season too, you know."

"Yeah, but these are the playoffs." From the seats it looked as if Espo was trying to cut things too fine, that he was playing for the perfect shot instead of shooting on instinct. He was like the shortstop who comes up with a hard-hit grounder and takes an extra split second to make a perfect throw to first base—only to miss the runner by half a step.

"Look," Espo said after the fifth game. "I don't want to downgrade Vachon. He was great tonight. But half the time I was just standing there in front of him. All I had to do was shoot. So what do I do? Fire wide or straight into his pads, that's what. I wish I knew what's wrong."

So the series moved back to the Boston Garden, where Montreal had not won all year and where the Bruins had not lost a game since Christmas. With their back to its graffiti-covered walls, the Bruins took a 1-0 lead within the first three minutes when Espo fed a soft pass from behind the net to Ron Murphy, who put an even softer shot past Vachon, who was clearly expecting a scorcher. The lead stood up during the rest of a thrilling period. The Bruins picked up momentum in the second

period, in which they outshot Montreal 22-8—but halfway through it came the turning point of the game. At 9:21 John Ferguson was sent off for elbowing, and 36 seconds later Montreal Coach Claude Ruel drew a bench penalty for directing language no saint should use at Referee Art Skov. This left Boston with a two-man advantage for a minute and 24 seconds and a chance to get a commanding lead. But the Canadiens were never better. Vachon, diving, sprawling and locking out some unbelievable shots, simply would not let the Bruins in. In front of him the Montreal penalty killers—led by Jacques Laperriere and Ted Harris—were magnificent. When both penalties had been served, the Canadiens still trailed by that one puny goal.

Early in the third period Boston's Don Awrey was sent off for charging. Bellevue won the face-off and sent the puck to Serge Savard at the right point. Savard wound up and fired a 40-footer that struck the ice and skipped past Cheevers. And so for the third time in the series Montreal had come from behind to tie. At the other end, Vachon was unshakable. At 7:20 he deflected a shot from Fred Stanfield wide of Johnny Bucyk, who was on the Montreal doorstep. At 10:30 he stopped Sanderson—not wholly recovered from his injury—in close. With 1:18 remaining, Dick Duff could not handle a pass at the Boston goal mouth which might have been converted, and then back went the Bruins at Vachon, who stopped a thrust by Bobby Orr. With three seconds left Laperriere made a beautiful play, knocking down Orr's slap shot from 30 feet.

The game proceeded into overtime, and even though the Bruins had not beaten Montreal in overtime in 23 years, they had not lost their nerve. Heaven knows they had chances to score; at one point Espo, alone at the right post, took a pass from Orr and shot wide. At mid-period Vachon stopped successive shots by Orr, then smothered a rebound by John McKenzie. The Canadiens were reeling, but Hodge and Espo rounded out the period by missing with shots from 15 feet.

Second overtime. The teams were tired, as were the 15,000 fans. Hodge missed the net. Ted Green missed the net. A shot by Espo grazed a goalpost. After four minutes Hodge and Murphy messed up a two-on-one break, and three minutes later Vachon made

a rather miraculous stop on Ed Westfall.

Then Bellevue got his chance. Boston's Awrey broke out of his own end and aimed a pass at Murphy, who was starting up the left side. Little Claude Provost, another old Hab who had been nothing but poison for Boston, intercepted for Montreal, and the teams wheeled back into the Bruins' zone. Provost, with John Ferguson to his right and Bellevue to his left, faced Ted Green. He passed to Bellevue at the rim of the face-off circle.

"I gave Claude a little yell and he gave me the puck," said Bellevue. "I saw a lot of net over the left shoulder. It was a wrist shot. Twenty feet. I shot and hoped."

"As soon as the puck hit Bellevue's stick it was gone," said Cheevers. "By the time I got organized the puck was going over my shoulder and into the net."

The red light stayed on. Cheevers slammed his stick into the boards. Hodge swung with both hands and cracked his over the crossbar. Awrey, his arms covering his head, went face down on the ice in front of the net. Claude Ruel picked up Cheevers' stick and waddled from player to player, banging them on the pads in a mood of total joy, for this was his first Canadian team and the year had not been easy.

Later, much later, Sanderson sat alone in the Boston dressing room. "How do you explain it?" he said. "They don't have the team, the defense, the talent or the guts. But they get the goals."

In his bitterness Sanderson was being decidedly unfair to the Canadiens, who did have a touch of luck here and there—champions usually do—but any team that wins three games in overtime when there are three to be won is a very considerable team. And it would be unwise of the Bruins to dwell too lovingly on their mighty rushes and many shots. The Canadiens simply proved that they could win even with the Bruins draped all over them.

Certainly the Bruins could take pride in having pressed the Canadiens as hard as they did. Certainly fans everywhere could be thankful to Boston for ushering in what appears likely to be a marvelous age of struggle between the Bruins and the Canadiens. But Montreal still reigns and Bellevue endures. "We are always lucky," he said, "in the play-offs." **END**

Gusla Rogsten Vachon is down but not out after a typically fierce—and unsuccessful—Boston attack led by Center Phil Esposito (F).

FOUR HOT CHESTNUTS IN A DERBY

For the first time in more than a decade a well-bred, evenly matched quartet meets in Louisville, and the tough little men who will ride are goaded by the fiercest of motives, including revenge **by WHITNEY TOWER**

The ideal objective in any stakes race—and particularly a classic such as the Kentucky Derby—is to limit the post parade to the truly worthy. This is no place for social-climbing 3-year-olds, but they often are entered by their owners for kicks, and they usually do nothing but gum up the works for the few deserving horses. Once in a while, of course, one of them wins, and when he does he strikes a blow for all the little owners and breeders of American racing.

Still, some fairly recent Derbies have actually brought together the best 3-year-olds in training at that moment, thereby succeeding in the original objective. The last time this happened was a dozen years ago. On the morning of May 4, 1957, a field of 10 was preparing for the 83rd Derby, a group powerfully endowed with proven ability and bred superbly. The best of the lot probably was

Calumet Farm's Gen. Duke who, sadly, was scratched a few hours before post time. Of the remaining nine, four were admittedly along for the ride, and a fifth, Federal Hill, did not figure to do much beyond a mile. Calumet Farm was still in the race, with second-string Iron Liege, who would have been any other stable's first string.

In one of the best races of all time this substitute, with Bill Hartack in the saddle, nosed out Gallant Man after Bill Shoemaker mistook the finish line and stood up in his irons. The third and fourth horses were a couple of colts named Round Table and Bold Ruler. Iron Liege, who thus became the only horse ever to beat Gallant Man, Round Table and Bold Ruler in the same race, was ultimately sold for stud duty in France. (He has now moved further on, all the way to Japan.) And even oc-

casional punters know that the other three went on to brilliant racing careers, and that one of them, Bold Ruler, has become probably the most successful American-bred stallion we have known.

This Saturday, for the first time since 1957, the Derby will bring together another brilliant quartet: Majestic Prince, Arts and Letters, Top Knight and Duke. All four are chestnuts and all four have the background and the ability to win. Along the way to Churchill Downs they have lost a few of their contemporaries, such as Reviewer, Al Hattab, King Emperor and Drone, through injuries or other misadventures. And the quartet may be joined by perhaps three or four aspiring upstarts: from among Traffic Mark, Ack Ack, Sheik of Bagdad, Mr. Coincidence, Fleet Allied, Ocean Roar, Jim's Gold C, whose chances range from infinitesimal to nil.

photoclips by JOHN COPEL



Champion of the East, Top Knight (left) wins the Flemings with ease, while Duke (right) just explores the Wood Memorial in the final strides

The prospect of a good race is especially fortunate after the fiasco of 1968, which impelled many Kentucky officials to consider methods of retrieving the Derby's image. (Tighter security restrictions in the stable area were a matter of course.) Governor Louie Nunn invited more than two dozen of his fellow Republican governors to Lexington during Derby Week. There they were to be jointly presented a \$30,000 yearling colt by Derby winner Chateaugay and are to be feted at Louisville on Derby Day in a special rooftop lounge built at a cost of \$200,000.

President Nixon had indicated he enjoyed watching last year's race, when he was still a candidate, and has been invited to become the first President-in-office to attend a Derby. The problems confronting the Secret Service at Churchill Downs are intricate and weighty. For the form player they are no less tricky:

1) Majestic Prince, Top Knight, Arts and Letters and Dike all have the breeding to be classic winners.

2) All four won their last starts in brilliant style, three in near track-record time.

3) All have won major stakes at a mile-

continued



Archie Hunsaker, on Arts and Letters (above) and Harlick, riding Majestic Prince, will be remembering the last few yards of other Derbies—won by Ivan Lijepa and Northern Dancer



and-an-eighth with the kind of closing speed that suggests one more furlong should not bother them.

4) All will be ridden by jockeys who know their way around a racetrack and then some. Bill Hartack is on Majestic Prince and seeking to tie Eddie Arcaro's record of five Derby victories. Manuel Ycaza rides Top Knight. Free for the moment of some distracting personal problems, Ycaza has never been in better form, and the one thing he wants is his first Derby win. Bill Shoemaker, in his 17th Derby, will be looking for his fourth victory on Arts and Letters and also for some revenge after having been twice narrowly beaten by archrival Hartack (a nose when he lost on Gallant Man, and a neck when Hartack and Northern Dancer edged him) in 1964. Dike's jockey is Jorge Velasquez, a rookie in the Derby lineup but a top New York rider with the competitive drive to overcome the jitters that often affect a new boy in Louisville.

A month ago, following the Santa Anita Derby and the Florida Derby, won respectively by Majestic Prince and Top Knight, the Kentucky race had the earmarks of a two-horse affair. Events of recent weeks, however, alter the picture. Dike, who hadn't done much of anything in Florida, came up to Aqueduct and took both the Gotham (at a mile) and then the nine-furlong Wood Memorial. In the Wood he came from next to last to nose out Al Hattab right on the wire. Five days later Arts and Letters, a loser to Top Knight in two out of three of their Florida races, won the Blue Grass at Keeneland by 15 lengths over Traffic Mark. Forty-eight hours after that, Majestic Prince brought his unbeaten (six-for-six) record to Churchill Downs for his final Derby warmup and captured the Stepping Stone (at seven furlongs) by six lengths over a colt named Fast Hilarious. In Florida Fast Hilarious had shown he could give the best of them, including Top Knight, a pretty good run for it at distances up to a mile. Also during the last month, just to add to the confusion, one of Dike's stablemates, Jay Ray, went to Golden Gate Fields and won the California Derby by 5½ lengths over many of the horses who had spent the winter chasing Majestic Prince.

It is dangerous to seize upon easy comparisons, but the remark of Bill Hancock, owner of Dike and Jay Ray, may

be apt: "Dike can beat Jay Ray five lengths doing anything, so what kind of horses has Majestic Prince been beating all winter in California?"

This Derby has also been described as a race between the East (Top Knight) and the West (Majestic Prince). A better way to look at it would be to consider it a match among breeders. Majestic Prince is "West" only because he has been trained there by Johnny Longden, is owned by Vancouver Industrialist Frank McMahon and has made all but one of his seven starts in California. In fact, he's as Kentucky as the Burgoo they dish out on Derby weekend, having been bred at Leslie Combs' Spendthrift Farm in Lexington. Top Knight, bred by the late Steve Wilson, is about as "East" as corn bread and grits, since he was bred in Ocala, Fla. and stayed there long enough to graduate summa cum laude from Jack Price's Dorchester Equine Preparatory School. Arts and Letters is Virginia-bred and was foaled at Owner Paul Mellon's Upperville farm. Trainer Elliott Burch bought Arts and Letters' dam All Beautiful for \$175,000 at the William F. duPont Jr. dispersal. His sire is Ribot, which does not hurt a bit. Dike is a son of the French stallion Herbage and the good race mare Delta, a daughter of Nasrullah, who won \$269,215 before retiring to produce seven foals and four stakes winners. Hancock and Combs, despite all the marvelous runners produced at Claiborne and Spendthrift farms for various well-heeled clients, have never bred a Derby winner of their own. Paul Mellon thought he had one in Quadrangle (fifth in 1964) but had to settle for the Belmont Stakes instead. And the late Steve Wilson, whose stable is being run by his son Steve Jr., never came close. Should Top Knight win, it would be the second victory for a son of Vertex; Lucky Debonair's was the first.

Obviously, each of the four chestnuts has much to recommend him. Top Knight was a standout champion 2-year-old of 1968, despite a "thick" tendon with which he was born and which has generated a large volume of derogatory remarks about his soundness. Against Arts and Letters in the Everglades he may have been a little "short," and he had to give the winner 10 pounds. In both the Flamingo and Florida Derby, Arts and Letters had a chance to even the score at equal weights, but Top

Knight beat him easily both times. Tendon trouble or not, Top Knight has won \$511,921—more than any other Derby starter—and, more important, he has probably beaten more good horses. This in itself makes Top Knight the horse to beat. On the negative side is the fact that he will go in the Derby five weeks to the day after his last race. He went nearly four weeks between the Flamingo and the Florida Derby and pulled it off, but five weeks between a race at Gulfstream and one at Churchill Downs is asking a lot of any colt, even a very good one. Needles did it in 1956, but against a comparatively inferior field.

Majestic Prince has had the benefit of being trained by a superior former jockey who is just getting underway in the training business. Longden often works his colts himself for short distances, wearing a weight belt to build up the lead on Majestic Prince to 140 pounds. On longer works he calls on Hartack—there is great admiration between these two master rensmen—and although some trainers think Longden works the Prince too hard and too fast, Johnny defends his practice. In last week's Stepping Stone, after he defeated Fast Hilarious, Majestic Prince worked out the mile in 1:35 and nine furlongs in 1:49 2/5. "I liked the way he got a little tired at the end," said Combs. "It means he needed the work and will really be ready next week. If a horse isn't a little tired it could mean he's at his peak—and you don't want a horse at his peak a week before the Derby. You want him there on Derby Day."

Arts and Letters was sensational in beating absolutely nothing in the Blue Grass. He finished 15 lengths in front of Traffic Mark, but was only two-fifths of a second off Round Table's record and one-fifth off the mark set by Radan in the 1962 Blue Grass (1:47 3/5). It matters little that neither Round Table nor Radan won their Derbies (they both finished third). What does count is that Shoemaker chose the Blue Grass to experiment a little with Arts and Letters' style of running. "This colt doesn't want you to take him back too much," said Shoe later. "He likes to run free. In my two races on him in Florida I tried to take him back behind a slow pace and it hurt him. Trying to rate him when the pace was slow was my mistake. This time, when I could see the pace was just as slow, I let him run on

continued



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He didn't beat a hell of a lot, but he did it like a good horse should."

Trainer Burch added cautiously, "Both horse and rider were more fit this time. It helped." What will also help Arts and Letters in the Derby is the fact that he will have had a month's training over the Churchill Downs track—more than any other horse in the race.

Dike is the dark horse of the four chestnuts. His Wood Memorial win over Al Hattab and Reviewer was spectacular, and it could be that he is one of those colts who, following a so-so winter performance, finally come into their own in the spring. He suffered a slight cut on his left hind foot during the Wood, but it didn't prevent him from running the last furlong in 11 2/5 after having only one horse beaten at the half-mile pole. Trainer Lucien Laurin, a French-Canadian former jockey, is well aware that his rider, Jorge Velasquez, can be guilty occasionally of taking matters into his own hands in a race instead of doing what he's told.

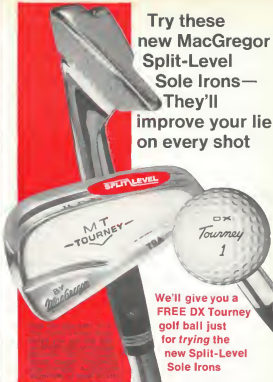
The magic attraction of an unbeaten horse and the popularity of Longden and Hartack may easily send Majestic Prince to the post as the favorite on Saturday afternoon. California-trained horses have not done badly in Louisville in recent years. Of roughly three dozen Western raced and trained starters in the last 17 Derbies, five (Hill Gail, Determine, Swaps, Tommy Lee and Lucky Debonair) have won. Hill Rise was second and both Candy Spots and The Scoundrel were third. It is not a record to be ashamed of, even if only one of the winners, Swaps, was a California-bred. And there is no doubt about it, Majestic Prince is the glamour horse on the grounds.

If all of the chestnuts stay sound and make it to the gate this Saturday, they should stage one of the fine races in Churchill Downs history. There should be no complaints about pace this time. Four jockeys with generally superb judgment will be calling the shots for four of the most evenly matched colts ever to square off at this distance.

I am reminded of an automobile commercial that goes, "Wouldn't you rather have a Buick?" The more I think of it the more I find myself musing, "Wouldn't you rather have a Robot—as the distances get longer?" What that means is that I feel Arts and Letters will win.

END

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CONNING THE CON MEN OF KENTUCKY

by **JOE MCGINNISS**

Two college boys hitchhiked 1,000 miles to Louisville, drank freely (and free), sneaked into the Derby—and even got to see the race

First I made a sign. I bought a roll of red tape that was supposed to glow in the dark. I cut the tape into strips and made letters on a white cardboard square: KEN. DERBY.

"That's not how you abbreviate Kentucky."

"Sure it is."

"No, it's k-y period; not k-e-n."

"People will know what I mean."

I left Worcester, Mass. at 1 o'clock the next afternoon, a Thursday. It was cold and there was rain. I got a quick ride the four miles to the entrance of the turnpike. Then I stood for a long time in the rain, holding the sign across my chest.

A car stopped. The driver leaned across the seat.

"Who's Ken Derby?"

"Nobody. This means Kentucky Derby. That's where I'm going."

"Oh. I thought you were promoting some politician." (There was a primary in Massachusetts that year.)

The car pulled away. I threw the sign into the weeds. Five cars later I had a ride to Hartford.

The first track Larry and I ever snuck into was Yonkers, when we were 15 years old. It was easy because the guards were old men and we outran them. Larry's father was a \$2 place cashier in the grandstand. He would give us the horse early, and we would hop over another fence into the clubhouse and run around begging quarters and dimes until we had enough to bet it. Once we asked Jackie Robinson for a quarter. He said no. Occasionally the horse would win and we could bet our own money for a while. We snuck into Yonkers so much that the next summer they put a sign on the barbed wire that said, "Dangcr. High

Voltage." After that we not only snuck in ourselves but snuck dates in, just for spite.

Then I went to college in Worcester. The winter was soot and isolation. There was a track called Lincoln Downs 40 miles away. They ran in February. It was a very bad track, hard to sneak into and an impossible place to beg. Betting my own money, in the first three months of 1963, I lost 41 races in a row, hitchhiking down and back, alone, in the cold. I had to steal bacon-and-toast sandwiches from the college cafeteria for breakfast. Lincoln Downs was an ugly track, besides; yellow cement and glass.

It snowed the last week of April, a big, mean snow that killed the spring and broke the spirit. I called Larry on the phone. He was at Seton Hall in New Jersey.

"Let's go to the Derby," I said.

"O.K."

He gave me the name of a bar in South Orange. I said I would be there at 6 o'clock Thursday night.

By midnight Thursday Larry and I were only to Exit 6 of the New Jersey Turnpike, where the cutoff is to the west. Half the trouble was Larry, who had not wanted to leave his bar. The other half was that we were not getting rides. Once I had hitchhiked to Louisville 1,000 miles from Worcester—in 20 hours. This time I had been gone 11 and still was in New Jersey, with Larry complaining.

"Jesus, it's cold."

"Twice no good to talk about it."

"It keeps my mind off what a stupid idea this is."

"It's not a stupid idea."

"Hah."

continued



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KENTUCKY CON *continued*

"Shut up. We're going to the Derby."

"It's midnight. Another hour and there won't even be any traffic."

"Another hour and we won't be here."

"Right. Another hour and I'll be on the other side of the road going home."

"Shut up."

"I'll give it 50 cars. I think that's fair. If we get no ride in the next 50 cars I'm going back."

"You're chicken."

"I'd rather be chicken than frostbit."

We got a ride from the 42nd car—an old man and his wife who took us to Carlisle, Pa. Eating peanut-butter-and-chose crackers in a Howard Johnson's, we watched the sun rise through a chilly mist. There was a ride from an auto mechanic who was driving to Montana and an off-duty state policeman who told us that if we ever committed a major crime in Pennsylvania we should avoid the turnpike while making our escape. At New Stanton we turned south. Then we spent a sweaty hour in Washington, Pa., mid-morning, watching local women grocery-shop.

"You sure this is still the right road?" Larry asked.

"Positive. I came through here in October."

"Not much traffic today."

What had happened, of course, was that a bypass had been opened. We had to walk three miles to reach it.

Then there was Otis Williams in his shiny black Chrysler, going home to Cincinnati from a vacation in Newark, N.J., down deserted 22 through Ohio, with the air full of sunshine, and farms.

And Cincinnati: the river town. The ball park with the red seats and the rusty old bridges to—*Kentucky*. Then Rusty 42, winding with the river, and we rode toward dusk in the back seat of an open convertible. He was a kid from Xavier University, who did 70 on curves and 100 to pass while his girl played records on a stereo beneath the dash. They were going to the Derby. There were flowers blooming in Kentucky. And mile after mile was green.

The YMCA was crowded and old. For a dollar we could take a shower. They gave us stained yellow towels. We wanted to hurry, but the warm water felt too good. We dressed in mudras jackets we had carried in our bags and walked the one block to the Brown Hotel.

"Who do you like?"

That was how we would start.

"I like that Candy Spots," the man would say.

We would nod.

"How about yourselves?"

Larry would say No Robbery and I would say Never Bend. All three were unbeaten as 3-year-olds.

Then we would ask, "Is this your first Derby?"

And the man would say, hell, no, his first Derby was '39, or '46, or '52, or whenever.

Then he would ask: "This your first?"

"It sure is."

"You boys are in for quite a thrill."

"We're thrilled just to be here."

"Where you from?"

And then we would hit him with it. I was from Massachusetts and Larry from New Jersey, and we had hitchhiked—*hitchhiked*, understand—1,000 miles through the cold and lonely night just to be here. In this hotel, on this Derby Eve, and to see the race tomorrow. That was how much the Derby meant to us.

"Well, I'll be damned. Hey, Charlie, you hear what these boys just told me? They *hitchhiked* down here from Massachusetts just to see this race. Hey, how about a drink, boys? Let me buy you a drink."

We outlasted them all. It was 8 p.m. when we started, and we stayed until the bar closed at 2 o'clock in the morning. We did not buy one drink. I had \$21 when I left Worcester, \$18 when I left the Brown Hotel. Larry had \$12. We told the same story 11 times to 11 different people, and each time it was good for a drink. About midnight we switched from beer to mint juleps. And through the brown mahogany haze came the same three names again and again. Candy Spots. No Robbery. Never Bend.

There was no place to sleep, so we walked to the track. It was four miles from the hotel. We saw the twin spires in the darkness and a high wire fence all around. There were a dozen cars in a parking lot, full of dozing people sipping beer from cans, men in T-shirts, puffy-faced women in curlers. They would pay \$3 apiece in the morning. By being there first they would get to lay their blankets closest to the infield fence.

We walked the perimeter twice, looking for breaks in the fence. Then we went to a policeman by the main grandstand gate.

continued



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"If you had hitchhiked a thousand miles from Massachusetts to see this race and now you were broke and had to sneak into the track, how would you go about it?"

"I live exactly 400 yards from here, my friend, and tomorrow when this big Derby is going on I am going to be inside my house with the shades down, fast asleep."

"Yes, but we're not. We're going to be inside the track. And all we'd like you to do is tell us the quickest way to get there."

"Quickest way is to buy a ticket."
"We don't have the money for that."
"You don't have three bucks for a grandstand? You don't have three bucks I ought to lock you up as vagrants?"

"Thank you very much," Larry said. "We'll be sure to recommend you for a Chamber of Commerce award." Larry had a terrible way of getting nasty with people when he was completely in the wrong. Once he got caught going over the fence at a track, and when they took him to the security office he got all red in the face and started screaming about how he had smuck into 23 different race tracks in the United States and never had he been treated this way and threatened to call a lawyer and they wound up apologizing and letting him into the clubhouse.

We walked away from the gate. It was about 4 a.m. now, cool and dry. For the third time we approached the stable entrance.

"Let's try it," Larry said.
"O.K."

There was a locked gate and an old man to guard it. He was private security, not a cop.

"Good morning," we smiled.
"Morning, boys."

We drifted into small talk, about the weather, about the track, about the race. The old man's name was Cosgrove.

"Mr. Cosgrove," Larry said, "we're going to level with you. We have hitchhiked down here from Massachusetts to see this race, and now we have no money to buy tickets. I wonder if you would let us in?"

"I couldn't do that, heys."

"But, . . ."

"But in two or three minutes if I was to unlock this gate here and then step over to my shack there to grab a cigarette and you were to move inside real quick and then just disappear, say over

toward that low gray building which is the track kitchen, well then, there wouldn't be much I could do, would there?"

"No, sir."

Two minutes later he unlocked the gate.

"God bless you," Larry said.
"Don't bet Candy Spots," he whispered. "Shoemaker can't ride this track."

Once we got inside, Larry had delusions. Just because we were wearing madras jackets and he was carrying a newspaper under his arm he thought we looked like owners. He insisted that we walk up and down all the rows of stables, nodding to the sleepy grooms and saying things like, "Well, this is the big one." He even patted a couple of horses on the head.

Finally we got tired and sat on the newspaper and leaned against a thick, heavy tree.

And then we saw the sunrise, dissolving the gray between the spires. For the first time we understood where we were, in the stable area of Churchill Downs, at dawn of Derby Day, with the sun orange and alive now climbing higher between the spires.

"Let's eat."
"O.K."

We walked into the track kitchen. Larry had folded the paper again and tucked it under his arm. We had orange juice and three fried eggs and thick, meaty bacon and milk and muffins with honey and strong black coffee and it cost us 55¢. Outside, the sun was up now and more people were coming through the stable gate, people with identification badges on.

The first race went off at 11:30. We woke up just in time, with sour breath and grass stains on our faces. We walked through a long tunnel beneath the infield, across the asphalt apron, through an open gate to the clubhouse. We each bought a program and played a double, which lost. The clubhouse was filled, and beautiful women strolled past the flower beds in the courtyard behind it. The sun was strong, as it should have been, and the air was clean and warm. We got a Harry Stevens mint julep in the souvenir glass. It tasted like iced tea.

We bet the second race and lost, then split a hot dog and beer. I bought a *Morning Telegraph* and sat by yellow roses

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KENTUCKY CON *continued*

and tried to figure the Derby race.

Candy Spots was strong. He deserved to be the favorite. But he was a California horse, and there was a tradition that California horses did not do well. I looked very hard at Never Bend and wondered if he could last that final quarter mile. No Robbery I could not bet, just because Larry would not shut up about the horse. There was no way a horse that Larry liked so much could win.

I scanned the rest of the field, nothing. There was a horse called Chateaugay who was also undefeated as a 3-year-old, but he had beaten nothing of merit. I lost the third, fourth, fifth and sixth. Except for the sun and the flowers it could have been Lincoln Downs. I had \$3.70 left. The Derby race was next. For the first time I thought of what the trip back would be like—broke and with no longer even a goal. I made a last analysis of the *Telgraph*. Then I looked at the odds board.

Candy Spots was 6 to 5. Never Bend was 8 to 5. No Robbery was 2 to 1.

Phooey. You bet the third choice in the race and get back six bucks if he makes it. Then I noticed Chateaugay 9 to 1. I couldn't even pronounce the name but I bet him. Braulio Baeza was the jockey, and what the hell, there was no point in going broke on a 6 to 5 in my first Kentucky Derby.

We walked past the end of the clubhouse to the turn. Larry spotted some cameramen on top of a green wooden platform. We were desperate for someplace to watch the race. That is the only trouble with Churchill Downs on Derby Day. It is almost impossible to see a horse. We worked our way through the crowd. At the base of the platform we stepped past a family that was having a picnic and listening to a baseball game. The platform was about 10 feet high. We climbed the ladder.

"Can we watch the race from here?" Larry said.

"Sorry, there's no room."

"How about right here, from the ladder?"

"Yeah, that's all right as long as you don't shake it."

So we stood for 45 minutes, holding the rungs of the ladder. By twisting and bending we could look under the platform and see the track. It was very far away.

continued

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KENTUCKY CON *continued*

After we had stood for a long time on the ladder we heard *The Star-Spangled Banner*. The sky still was perfectly clear. The sun, the first hot sun in eight months, now leaned farther to the west. The afternoon was made of crystal. I did not want ever to be old. Looking to the infield, we could see shirtless bodies prone on the grass, the beer and the heat having beat them. The boxes far above us, strung out to our left, were filled with money and color.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the track announcer said—and for the first time the great crowd was quiet and his voice could be heard—"the horses are entering the track for the 89th running of the Kentucky Derby."

And they came. Very slowly and with dignity. Up the ramp and onto the freshly raked light brown dirt. The band played the song, and the 90,000 people, silent through the anthem, began to sing.

*The sun shines bright in the old
Kentucky home . . .*

I could hear Larry singing above me. And I was singing myself.

*... By'n by hard times comes a
knocking at the door, then my old
Kentucky home, Good-night!*

*"Weep no more, my lady, Oh! weep
no more today! We will sing one song
for the old Kentucky home,*

*For the old Kentucky home, far
away.*

"Jesus," Larry said, "you're crying!"

The horses galloped by us in their warm-up, and I pecked out Chateaugay. Baezn was wearing silks that the program called "fawn." Chateaugay looked fine but, then, so did they all.

They moved far away, to the starting gate at the opposite end of the home-stretch. We could not see them enter but we could tell by the absence of noise. Then in the distance there was a flash of motion as the metal doors spring open all at once and a terrible roar from everyone and the horses were running toward us from very far away.

There was too much noise to hear the call, but when they came around our turn, a quarter of a mile into the mile-and-a-quarter race, we could hear the noise of their hooves and see their colors and numbers.

Chateaugay appeared to be sixth. I said "damn" out loud but no one heard me. Larry was screaming No Robbery was near the front.

continued



After a few years, it starts to look beautiful.

"Ugly, isn't it?"

"No class."

"Looks like an afterthought."

"Good for laughs."

"Shabby buggy."

"El Pig-O."

New York Magazine says: "And then there is the VW, which retains its value better than anything else. A 1956 VW is worth more today than any American sedan built the same year, with the possible exception of a Cadillac."

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A real fighter. Dr. Scholl's Solvex®. Kills athlete's foot fungus on contact. It's the ideal after-shower way to help prevent athlete's foot from recurring and prevent it from spreading from one member of the family to another.

Solvex relieves itching, burning and promotes healing. In spray, powder, liquid or ointment — Dr. Scholl's Solvex. It works.

Dr. Scholl's

KENTUCKY CON continued

Then the horses disappeared. I could make out nothing in the distance. The noise kept up as they moved in a pack through the backstretch and around the final turn. Then even more noise as they straightened to attempt the final, brutal quarter mile.

I could see three ahead of the others and could tell when they finished because I could see the jockeys stand. But I had no idea which horses they were.

"Who won?" I shouted up to Larry.

"You did," he said.

"Bull. No, really, who won?"

"You did, I'm telling you. Chateaugay."

Then the first of the horses approached us, slowing gradually to a walk. His jockey was standing in the stirrups—wearing fawn-colored silks.

"Wait a minute, Larry, Larry, that's him, that's him! That's Chateaugay!"

"Yes. I told you. You won."

"Wait a minute, wait a minute. Let me hear them announce it."

I shouted up to the cameraman on the platform. "Who won?"

"Chateaugay."

I watched the horse for another minute as Bueya turned him and headed back for the roses and the trophy.

"I won!" I shouted.

"I won the Derby!"

"My first time here and I won the Derby!"

I jumped backward off the tower and landed in the middle of the picnic. "Hey, watch it, buddy."

"I won! I won the Derby! I won the Derby!"

I ran toward the cashiers, shouting it all the way.

Chateaugay paid \$20.80.

We went up to the box seats. After the Derby anyone can get in. I bet \$5 on the eighth race and won. We were buying beers as fast as we could drink them and crawling on our hands and knees picking up souvenir glasses. Finally Larry fell asleep in a seat. I also won the ninth race and left the track with \$50.

We went to the Brown Hotel and had roast beef and champagne. Much later we were leaning on a piano bar in the Sheraton telling the blonde lady who was playing that we had no place to stay. She got us a room upstairs. Fight dollars, they charged us, because we were friends of hers.

END

FAST FINISH!

Here comes the Fastback! Newest slant on shaving from Sunbeam. Never been a shaver like it. Dual slanted heads cover more ground faster. Six beard-whacking blades meet your whiskers at a better angle. Long hair slots for better pick up. The Fastback plays it fast and close—easy through the curves—steady on the flats—right down to the finish with a barber-type trimmer. Cord model or free-wheeling cord/cordless.

The winner in the face race



THE SUNBEAM FASTBACK

TEST SHAVE A FASTBACK SHAVER. NEWEST SLANT ON SHAVING!



THE ART OF ALI

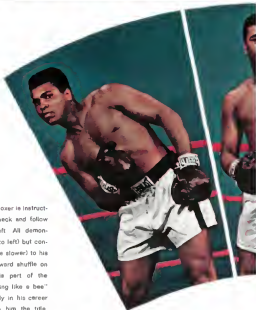
There is a classical way to make every move known to boxing, but no prizefighter ever has fought entirely by the book. Among heavyweights, Gene Tunney came close, with a style as stilted as his prose, and twice beat the crowding, crouching, slugging Jack Dempsey. And there was Rocky Marciano, no purist, who retired undefeated after repudiating every nicety known to the sport. More recently there is Muhammad Ali-Cassius Clay (see cover), whose style is a mix of the classic and the insolent. Ali gets away with the insolence because of astoundingly quick reflexes, speed of foot and an uncanny ability to gauge distance, as shown on the following pages. For the photograph at right he was asked to jab at and smash a balsa board 16½ inches away when a light was flashed. Timed with an Omegascope, he did it in 19/100 of a second. His fist actually covered the distance in 4/100 of a second, about the period of an eye blink. Here he has knocked out Sonny Liston with an unorthodox downward chop that, he says, "goes back to Jack Johnson."







To retreat, the budding boxer is instructed, slide the right foot back and follow immediately with the left. Ali demonstrates this above (right to left) but considers it inferior (because slower) to his own method, a fast backward shuffle on his toes (below). This is part of the "float like a butterfly, sting like a bee" theory he developed early in his career and which, indeed, won him the title.



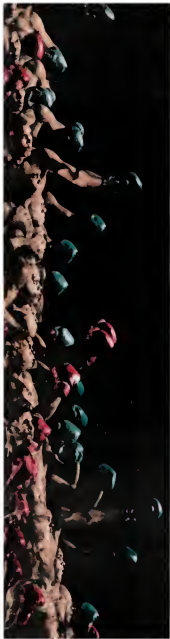


The art of slipping a jab or straight right consists simply in moving the head sideways, letting the punch go past (left). Reflexive speed is all-important. "It's not dangerous when you're on your toes and know what you're doing," he says. "There's no footwork. Footwork comes in when I'm moving backward, not sideways." The hands-down position is typical of Al's nonconformist habits.



A combination is a series of punches delivered in a planned sequence. The simplest and most familiar is the 1-2, in which the 1 represents a jab and is followed instantly by 2, a right to the head. But boxers of advanced skills, like Ali, use much more intricate combinations, involving as many as seven punches or more. In these stroboscopic pictures Ali is delivering a six-punch combination in 2.15 seconds from opening jab to culminating explosive right to the head. The final punch in such a series should be the most powerful—Ideally, it should end in a knockout. The preceding punches must be delivered with great speed, both to confuse the opponent and to bring his guard down for the final right. Starting from the top of each strip, Ali flicks out two jabs (the blue glove) in rapid succession, follows, in the center strip, with a hook (blue glove again), a right to the body (red glove), another hook and, finally (top of third strip), the finishing right.



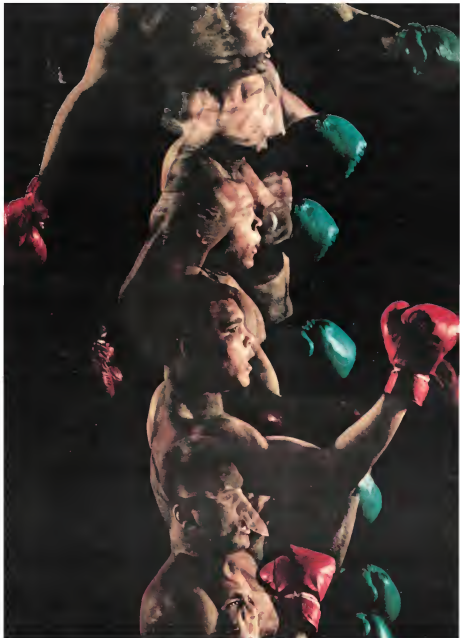


The stroboscopic lights used to photograph Ali's combination were set at 1/20th of a second to provide the effect of continuous motion in these series photographs.



Sparring with Les Carr, who is in what is known as the fighter's "natural position," Ali appears both open for a punch and in poor shape to deliver one because his hands are held low. But he has shown that he not only is almost untouchable but can throw hooks, straight rights and uppercuts with greater ease and speed than more conservative boxers.

Pointing out that to hook from the natural position he would have to draw his left arm back before throwing the punch, Ali demonstrates (right, from top) that he can also uppercut with greater economy of movement from the hands-down position he favors. Note, too, that his right hand is turned sideways rather than with palm facing him, as is customary.



Relying on his phenomenal ability to judge distance, Ali divides the ring into what he calls "safety zones" and "danger zones." When he is in a safety zone (right end below) it might seem to ringsiders that Ali is in a fine position to be hit, especially in view of those dangling hands. That's what Carr thought. He decided that a left jab would be long enough to reach his opponent, even though he could not get to him with a hook or a right. Ali smugly held his head still and the jab, sure enough, was two inches short of the target. Similarly, Ali can playfully throw a punch at a friend and miss by just an inch. "I can move in on him," said Carr, "but I can't seem to get up to him."



WILL THE ART BE SEEN AGAIN?

In the strange world of Ali-Clay, he has, by fiat of Elijah Muhammad, supreme pontiff of the Black Muslims, been stripped of his "holy name," though he still proposes to use it outside the church—the future holds no certainty, the present is a limbo and only the past is real. But one cannot live in the past and, at 27, he should have a lot of living left to do. Whether he goes to jail for as many as five years because he rejected the draft and whether he ever fights again—Elijah Muhammad has decreed that he must not—are questions at least momentarily moot. As to the first question, a court is about to make the decision, as to the second, Ali is no longer talking, though he did say earlier that he would bow to Elijah's will. Now he refuses to discuss the matter at all, on the plausible ground that some of his present trouble stems from talking too much.

The inconsistency of Elijah's edict—he permitted Ali to fight even after he was ordained in the Muslim ministry, but now says that prizefighting is forbidden somewhere in the Koran—has spread confusion among those closest to the situation. A lawyer, asked for an analysis, threw up his hands. "It doesn't make sense," he said, "and there is no use in trying to figure it out, because we are not dealing with reasonable people."

A close friend observed that "the champ is the kind of man who will do right and try to get back in the Muslims" (He was suspended for a year.) "He is committed, man," the friend continued, "that's what he is, committed. At the same time, it is in his soul to fight and what a shame to keep a man who does his thing so beautifully—the best in the world, ever—not to let him do it, I can't understand it. Elijah must know how much the champ cares for him and the Muslim religion. No black man ever loved his people more than the champ. Before the first Liston fight [the one in which Clay won the title] the promoters told the champ to 'tell the people you are not a Muslim or the fight's off.' 'Pack the bus,' he said, 'we are leaving.' The Muslims told him to divorce Song, so he divorced her. They said to get rid of his friend Bundini [forerunner of the "boat like a butterfly, sting like a bee" line], so he got rid of him. They told him not to go into the Army and he refused to cross the line. Now isn't that proof enough? Isn't that sacrifice enough? What did he do wrong?"

A fairly authoritative answer comes from yet another close student of the puzzle: "If you believe in the Muslim

religion," he explains, "then you have faith that Allah will provide, and yet Ali was crying poor mouth. He said he had to fight to pay debts, to live. By reflection this casts a shadow on the Muslims."

Even to Herbert Muhammad, Elijah's son, and to John Ali, national secretary of the Muslims, Elijah's edict came as a shocking surprise. Confident that the court's decision would be favorable—they had been trying to arrange fights for Clay three days before Elijah threw the bomb—Herbert had been Ali's manager and John was a major stockholder in Main Bout, Inc., the company that handled ancillary rights to Ali's fights. With the excommunication, they publicly recanted and renounced any further association with Ali.

The most optimistic view of Ali's future came from a lawyer who has followed the case closely. "Ali is suspended," he said. "I believe all he has to do is show Elijah that he is sincere in his remorse and that he is willing to accept his punishment and then Elijah will reconsider. His attorneys are probably more concerned with his court case than his present situation. The problems with Elijah can be overcome."

"If they get a *noïe prois* [refusal on the part of the government to prosecute the case further], then they'll probably put Ali on a plane, send him back to Chicago and have him go to the leader and persuade Elijah that Ali can remain a Muslim and fight."

The idea appeared to be that Ali would no longer fight on his own behalf but for Allah and the glory of Islam. Ali himself, after his public *mea culpa*, kept proudly mum for as long as one could reasonably expect of so inquisitive a fellow. But at times he just had to speak. "All that funnin' and fightin', runnin' around, bein' on television, is over. Now I'll concentrate on prayin', studyin' hard and learnin' to be a better Muslim minister."

Soon after this, a friend asked Ali if he was still running in the morning.

"Sure enough," he said.

And, sure enough, it was obvious that he had done a lot of running and some training, for his body is trim and he has the look of a man shaping up for a fight. When the pictures on the preceding pages were taken he estimated that he could be ready to fight in six weeks. We, and Joe Frazier and Jimmy Ellis, will just have to wait and see.

—MARTIN KANE



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★ The tennis players touring on the international open circuit regularly put on a show after the tournament in Monaco, and the theme this year was *Le U.S.A.* According to the tennis stars, *Le U.S.A.* is populated principally by cowboys, Indians, gangsters, hippies and stars of the Silver Screen, vintage 1936. Australia's Fred Stolle undertook the role of Shirley Temple, to thunderous applause—he didn't do too well in the tournament, but he certainly won the mixed singles afterward.

Dick Butkus has become interested in the works of William Shakespeare. Don't bug him about it. "Some people think I have to get down on all fours to eat my couple of pounds of raw meat every day," he says, clearly exasperated, "but people who know me know that I can read. I move my hips a little but I can read things of a second-grade level—like newspapers—and I don't really need a rubber stamp to give my autobiography." Butkus went on the

Shakespeare kick when a friend suggested that readings from the Bard would improve Dick as a public speaker, and he found, as he explains, "that Shakespeare had a great understanding of the moods and language of men in action. His histories and tragedies are full of passages that are just as applicable to football players as to kings. There are some speeches in *Henry V* that would make great locker-room speeches—I can find things in just about all of the plays that can be applied to the game, the players, the coaches and even the fans. Take this situation: one of our men is shaken up on a play and is slow getting up. The opposing blocker is standing over him, laughing. I walk over there and instead of sweating, maybe getting thrown out of the game, I just tell him, 'He gets a scar, that never felt a wound.' Now that is bound to set him thinking and teach him a little humility." Or something.

Once every three weeks the 15 members of London's Sublime Society of Beef Steaks don 18th century dress to dine on, of course, beef. Founded in 1735 by John Rich, first producer of *The Beggar's Opera*, the club was inactive for a little spell between 1770 and 1967, but this spring its members are rushing about with unworried vigor. Led by Count Nikolai Tolstoy, 33-year-old great-grandnephew of the novelist, they have planned a cricket outing. Sir Peter Agnew, 68, a former Tory MP, confirmed the news before the group departed for the country. "We will play cricket," he declared, "to the Regency rules. Whatever they are." Count Tolstoy says one is that "nobody but the ball too hard."

The Bonaventure Country Club in Fort Lauderdale, Fla. has dedicated a water hazard to Canadian Prime Minister Trudeau.

The third hole on the club's new course has been christened *le trou d'eau*, literally translated, "the hole of water" and pronounced "trudeau." In point of fact, however, it isn't a *trou* of water, it is a *chan*. What the golfer faces, standing on the third tee, is a 20-foot waterfall.

Baseball Commissioner Bowie Kuhn was being interviewed on radio before a recent St. Louis game, and when the interview ran over into game time he simply broadcast part of an inning. Later he observed, "I figure one ought to develop a sideline, just in case."

Mail Pouch tobacco has decided to shift its advertising from the sides of barns to billboards and newspapers because it feels that the chewing tobacco market is becoming more urban (as if the ones didn't have trouble enough). Lou Burdette will make personal appearances for Mail Pouch on the theory that whether he did or didn't, he is securely connected, in the mind of the American public, with spitting.

★ Sir Francis Chichester has written a book, *How to Keep Fit*. The subtitle reads, "By one

who never is as fit as he would like to be," though his photograph on the dust jacket shows him looking pretty sound for a man of 65, which he was when this picture was taken. The exercises are worked out for a limited space and are thus perfectly suitable for the city dweller. Even where space is not a problem Chichester points out that such "simple activities" as swimming and running "can have strange hazards; I can still see in my imagination that livid 17-foot octopus caught in the swimming bath at Wellington, New Zealand, just before I dived in; and I well remember one early morning in the war when, running across Hyde Park in the dark, I fell a purer into a bomb crater which had not been there the previous morning."

Ronald Reagan asked O. J. Simpson for his autograph not long ago, observing to the football star, "My son Skipper wants you to know that if it were a contest between us for governor, he'd vote for you instead of me." O. J. signed, and requested Reagan's autograph in return because O. J. is pretty cool—"These people who run the country, they interest me."





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There are three other machines in our trail family.

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Maybe on a picnic.

Above: 250 Single Enduro DT-1B, 125 Single Enduro AT-1.

Below: 80 Trailmaster YG5-T, 100 Trailmaster L5-T, 175 Single Enduro GT-1.



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Two lame ducks in the Bowl

Unlike the Italians, U.S. players do not feel partnerships require long practice, and this year they will get a chance to prove it

In Rio this week five teams start playing for the World Bridge Team Championship, with Italy's Blues once again the favorite to keep the Bermuda Bowl. This would be their 10th straight win, not including their two World Olympiad victories in 1964 and 1968. Monotonous, isn't it?

Well, Italy hasn't won it yet. Nationalist China, a team with a new system, might spring a few surprises. Brazil, which won the South American championship after giving up playing an Italian system, would love to show the decision was the right one by defeating

the Italians. France, with a team rated stronger than the one that looked as if it would beat the Americans in 1967 in Miami Beach, is a genuine threat. And North America, perennial runner-up, has a young group to back up its veteran pair of George Rapée and Sidney Lazard. But one question bugs many expert observers. How will American chances be affected by the lame-duck status of the partnership of Bob Hamman and Eddie Kantar?

Hamman and Kantar have no personal feud; far from it. They played very well and wound up extremely pleased

with each other when they won their place on the American team at the Team Trials in Atlantic City last fall. Later in the year, however, Industrialist Ira Corn of Dallas signed up Hamman to play on his Dallas Aces, with them Bob has become the partner of Mike Lawrence, like him a young ex-Californian. In Dallas the six members of Corn's subsidized aggregation eat, sleep, talk and play bridge, and in the course of this regimen Hamman has been hammering out a solid partnership with Lawrence. It wasn't until a week before leaving for Rio that Kantar went to Dallas to brush up his partnership with Hamman.

American pairs have long operated on the theory that they do not need much partnership practice, which contrasts sharply with the Italian philosophy. Now the question is whether the effectiveness of the Kantar-Hamman partnership is threatened not only by lack of recent practice but also by the knowledge that their appearance in Rio may well be their last together.

continued



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SUPER
FAT CAT**

Look for Turnpike Belted Cats on the road. They're the tires that make driving a pleasure.

Hamman has twice played in World Championships and Kantar has twice coached American teams in international play. Eddie is one of the most popular of the game's younger stars. An example of his skill is the handling of this deal during the competition at Atlantic

East-West vulnerable
South dealer

NORTH		WEST		EAST	
♠	A 6	♠	5 4 3	♠	Q J 10 9 7
♥	K Q 10 8 4	♥	5	♥	7 6 2
♦	5 3	♦	A K Q 10 9	♦	J 8 6
♣	A 7 5 2	♣	K 10 6 3	♣	J 4
SOUTH		WEST		EAST	
♠	A K 2	♠	5 4 3	♠	Q J 10 9 7
♥	A J 9 8	♥	5	♥	7 6 2
♦	7 4 2	♦	A K Q 10 9	♦	J 8 6
♣	Q 9 8	♣	K 10 6 3	♣	J 4

NORTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
(Dealer)		(Blind)	
1♥	2♠	3♥	PASS
4♥	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: king of diamonds

City that put him into the action in Rio.

West collected two diamond tricks and shifted to a trump, won by dummy's king. A second trump lead was taken by Kantar with his ace, and West discarded a diamond. Declarer trumped his last diamond in dummy, cashed his accounting of spades and ruffed a third spade with dummy's queen. Now all he had to do was to avoid losing two club tricks. And East still had a trump that Kantar had to keep in mind.

The remaining cards are shown at right. Kantar, of course, could not be sure of this distribution. He knew West probably had the king of clubs to justify his overall, but he could not be sure that each opponent did not have a spade and three clubs remaining. Eddie worked out the surest possible combination to make the hand, which meant refusing to draw East's last trump at this time. Instead, he led a low club from dummy and, when East played low, put on the 9. West won with the 10 of clubs. He knew that a club return would

♥	10	♥	Q J
♠	A 7 5 2	♠	7
♦	Q	♦	J 4
♣	K 10 6 3		
♥	J 9		
♠	Q 9 8		

be fatal, so he led the queen of diamonds. Kantar ruffed with dummy's 10 and East was hooked. If he threw a spade, declarer could discard his second club, cash the ace and be left only with high trumps. So East threw away the jack of clubs.

Now if Kantar had let dummy hold the trick while he took a club discard, the contract would be defeated. East would ruff dummy's forced club lead for the setting trick. Kantar, however, had another string to his bow. He over-ruffed dummy's 10 of hearts with his jack and drew East's last trump. Then he led the queen of clubs through for the marked finesse, and the club 8 became declarer's 10th trick.

END

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Acushnet, the world's leading manufacturer of golf balls, has introduced a new Titleist golf ball, the K2A. The K2A is a two-piece ball with a soft feel and long distance. It is made of a new urethane cover and a new core. The K2A is available in white and black. For more information, visit us online at www.titleist.com or call 1-800-828-2828.

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Hot-rodding over the dunes in jazzed-up Jams

The only thing in sport this year to challenge surfing as a youth cult is "duning," a term that means driving buggies over high waves of sand like these 100-footers in Southern California's Imperial Valley. Duners get their buggies from a variety of sources, but their uniform comes from an ex-Hollywood stunt man, a surfing and wheels enthusiast named Dave Rochlen.

Four years ago Rochlen created a nationwide fad when he transformed the oversized bathing trunks (nicknamed "baggies") the kids were wearing at Makaha and Newport Beach into a million-dollar fashion idea called Jams. He took the loose fit and drawstring idea of pajama pants and made them in a heavier, wildly patterned fabric. Since then his firm, Surf Line Hawaii, has expanded to include the colorful, comfortable, Sanforized cottons photographed here on the Glamis Sand Dunes. In tune with the booming popularity of duning, Surf Line has added racing prints such as the hot rods on Cheer Critchlow's shirt (right) to the surfers' florals and stripes. Lowell Johnson (above left) jumps his buggy wearing a one-piece pit suit with a motorcycle pattern. Surfers Garth Murphy, Mary Ryan, Cheer, Rusty Miller and Fred Ryan (left) admire a Mini-T that has a molded fiber-glass body mounted on a Volkswagen chassis. Their bright Jams, beach pants, bikinis and shirt give vivid expression to Rochlen's maxim: "Clothes are fun; color is great."

—RUTH LIEBER





In this predicament raise the hands so the sole of the club lies flat as possible.

FRANCIS GOLDEN

You're not out if you're down

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Double trouble struck me during one recent tournament when I was twice confronted with the predicament illustrated above. Both times I had to stand in a sand trap and swing at a ball resting knee-high on the adjacent grass. I suspect the normal impulse would be to approach this type of shot with a base-ball-styled golf swing. That is wrong. You must manufacture an upright golf swing to play this shot correctly—not a roundhouse home-run swing. If you

don't, you will strike out. Thus, when you set up at address, you must raise your hands high enough so the sole of the golf club will lie as flat as possible behind the ball. Shorten up on the club if necessary, and use a less lofted club than normal—perhaps even a two- or three-iron. At address, dig firmly into the sand and try to keep foot movement to a minimum. Take a shorter swing and catch the ball cleanly (no divots), forcing your left hand through the shot to prevent a hook.

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OUR CONCERN IS PEOPLE

No defense against murder

Red China's championship table tennis team has not been seen in two years. World class players, meeting in Munich, suspect the worst

At last week's world table tennis championships in Munich, Shigeo Ito of Japan won the men's singles title while Japan also took the Swaythling Cup (the equivalent of the Davis Cup), but much of the talk in the vast Eis-sporthalle, where the matches were held, was not about winners but losers—perhaps permanent losers. For almost two years now, small groups of interested men around the world have been quietly probing a baffling and possibly grisly sports whodunit. Politics, alleged multiple murder and, unlikely as it seems, table tennis are its ingredients. Specifically, the mystery concerns China's three-man international table tennis team, the world's best, last seen four years ago. Dead or alive, that is the question. If alive,

where? If dead, were they murdered by Mao Tse-tung's Red Guards, as some table tennis followers suspect?

In Munich these questions were urgently debated as 503 players from 52 nations convened for the championships. At home in their respective countries the competitors had necessarily regarded the case of the vanishing Chinese team as a perplexing but essentially abstract riddle. (After all, one could not simply put through a call of inquiry to Peking.) But, gathered as a body fused by long-standing international friendships and rivalries and against the colorful and spectacular backdrop of a world championship, the rivals found a common preoccupation in the absence of the Chinese wizards. In the past it had been almost routine for the Chinese to descend on world tournaments with a contingent of 40 or more—by far the largest—that included players, newsmen, photographers, delegates, propagandizing interpreters, masseurs, cooks and even laundrymen.

The Red puzzle began two years ago at the last world championships in Stockholm when, with only three weeks' prior notification to the tournament organizers, the Chinese, then holders of all the major titles, abruptly and without explanation withdrew their entries (SI, May 1, 1967). Since the International Table Tennis Federation is the world's largest and most inclusive association governing a single sport (94 member nations), requests for information on the Chinese dropouts were immediately broadcast along its vast international grapevine. The most seemingly reliable answer came back to Hans Aler, the Swedish champion, who had made tours to China and acquired contacts. Aler reported that the Chinese men's team, headed by three-time world champion Chuang Tse-tung, had been imprisoned as traitors. For some time, Aler's con-

taets claimed, Chuang and his teammates had been secret members of a counter-revolutionary anti-Mao group known as the Black Band, led by Mao's rival for power, Liu Shao-chi.

If true, it was an ironic disclosure. Ever since 1961, when the Chinese began their monotonous habit of toting world cups back to Peking, their defeated rivals (Japanese, Czechs, Swedes, Russians, North Koreans) had had the galling postchampionship chore of reading in the press claims imputed to world champion Chuang that he owed his success to the diligent study of the thoughts of Chairman Mao. This seemed nonsense, of course, to those who understood how great Chuang's forehand was, but it was annoying nonetheless.

The puzzle deepened 18 months ago in Yugoslavia. At a tournament near Belgrade the North Korean team, exchanging table tennis news with European players, startlingly reported that world champion Chuang, his coach and his teammates were dead. They had made a public apology after being released from jail but later had attempted to escape to Taiwan. Captured at the coast, the Koreans said, they were brought back to Peking and were publicly executed (torn apart) by the Red Guards.

It was to attempt to substantiate or disprove this rumor that I came to Munich. At first glance the playing floor of the Eis-sporthalle seemed a perfect place to get the job done. The large-scale international convention was so broad-based that I immediately spotted teams from the two Germanys, Ghana, Nigeria, Israel, Jordan and Egypt. Most of the playing floor's area was necessarily given over to the 16 tables, each barraged into a championship court of 24' by 46'. Running completely around this huge rectangle was a narrow aisle that separated the courts from the 6,000 fans who were on hand for the important matches. That aisle was awash with the game's greats: Sids of Hungary, Ehrlich of Poland, Leach of England, Vana of Czechoslovakia. We had battled each other many times, but now, semiretired gladiators, we poked each other's midsections by way of greeting or for want of fluency in a common language.

Since the rumor of the Chinese killings had begun with the North Kore-



CHUANG TSE-TUNG: DEAD OR ALIVE?

continued

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TABLE TENNIS *continued*

ans, it was that team I searched for first. (Even they, I felt, would concede that Munich was outside their air space.) But the North Koreans, runners-up to Japan at the last worlds, turned out to be no-shows. Like the Chinese before them, they had withdrawn two weeks previously with a terse telegram that tendered neither explanation nor apology.

Continuing to circumnavigate that crowded aisle rimming the playing floor, I ran into a newsmen who had covered previous world tourneys. Morley Myers of the Reuters sports desk in London "Listen," I told him, "you people maintain a bureau in Peking. What's with the Chinese players? Dead or alive?"

"Don't you read the news?" Myers said. "Our bureau in Peking is silent. Our only accredited man there, Anthony Grey, has been under house arrest for 21 months."

"What charges?"

"None. Simply a reprisal action, we believe, for the Chinese journalists—alleged journalists—that the British detained in Hong Kong for subversion."

Another quarter circle of the aisle led me to Alex Ehrlich, a tall, angular, 54-year-old former champion, Polish-born, now living in Paris. Because he speaks 15 languages—though the sounds, syntax and blends are all his own—Alex is a much sought after interpreter at big international tournaments. Accordingly, he is a warehouse of table tennis news.

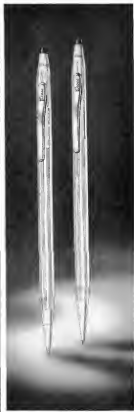
"Is it true about the Chinese players, Alex? Certainly someone must have found out by now. After all, Chuang Tse-tung is a national hero in China—twice sportsman of the year. Is he dead or alive, Alex?"

"Ach, Deck," Alex chided, "are you so much an innocent? Who can know about these Chinamen? Even var you in Peking at this moment, Deck, you could not know. You would say to peoples, 'Vairast Chuang Tse-tung?' and they would look back at you with empty faces and say, 'Who? Chuang Tse-tung? Who is Chuang Tse-tung? Vee never hear of such a man.' For, of course, they would be afraid to speak."

"Well, Alex, what's your personal opinion? Dead or alive?"

"Perhaps dead Chinamen not play in Olympic Games. They not play any international sport but table tennis and so great success they have it makes them much propaganda. So if they not come to world championships. . . ." Alex

continued



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TABLE TENNIS *continued*

shrugged. "But perhaps it is not certain."

I next intercepted the president of the International Table Tennis Federation, Roy Evans, a sturdy, chipper, rubicund Welshman.

"The Chinese, Roy, dead or alive?"

"You know as much as we do. We've been trying to find out for months. I spoke to the Chinese chargé d'affaires in London. A reply came back saying the Chinese players are in excellent health

though which Chinese players he did not say. And there's something else we don't understand. Formerly, when we corresponded with the Chinese association, their letters always came back signed personally by their chairman, Chen Hsien. Now the letters come back without any signature at all—merely a rubber stamp, Table Tennis Association of the Chinese Peoples Party."

I came to know the Chinese team more intimately, I believe, than most Western players. In 1959, during the world championships that were held in Dortmund, Germany, I must have put in 30 hours or more with them on the practice room tables. What brought us together, curiously, was our opposite styles of play and, not so curiously, a kind of mutual admiration—the expert-as-a-rat-expert admiration—that quite surmounts at the moment it occurs all disparate political ideologies.

The Chinese wanted to practice against my chop defense, a style then almost unknown in China. I was anxious to sharpen my defense against their bashing sponge-rubber drives. I can only say that in those practice room matches, over those few days, the Chinese players did everything "right." They were sportsmen, they were enthusiasts, they were friendly, they were serious but not fanatic. Often we joked together over shots at appropriate moments. We exchanged questions of technique by shadow-stroking our bats through the air. A common bond linked us, we were players, we loved the game.

And so at Munich last week, as I circled that crowded aisle day after day, I was relieved that although the case of the vanishing Chinese remains unsolved, at least no corpses have turned up. Three years ago Chairman Mao swam the Yangtze River. Photographs of the event stifled the rumors that he was ill or dead. We table tennis players need similar reassurance.

END

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Among other weighty accomplishments, the University of Kansas is the first school ever to field three 60-foot shotputters—795 pounds worth, splendidly clad in fluorescent-pink track pants and powder-blue jerseys—at the same time. It is also quite likely that Kansas is the first school ever to have three athletes who finished one-two-three in the shot and one-three-four in the discus after breakfasting on fried chicken and chocolate cake.

In both instances the mighty pioneers were Karl Salb, Steve Wilhelm and Doug Knop, and their collective achievements this season are so remarkable it seems a

shame that Coach Bob Timmons gives them only slightly more meal money than he gives Jim Ryun, who can get well nourished standing over a pot of stew and inhaling deeply. Salb, Wilhelm and Knop swept the shotput at every indoor meet they entered, including the NCAA championship, outdoors they were one-two-three in both the Texas and Kansas Relays. UCLA's best man put the shot 62' 10½" against them in a dual meet and finished third. At Texas, Knop broke Olympic champion Al Oerter's school discus record with a throw of 189' 8½". And last Saturday, in a heavy rain at the Drake Relays in Des Moines, with

TRIUMPHANT TRIUMVIRATE consists of Doug Knop, Karl Salb and Steve Wilhelm.

the ring as slippery as a frozen pond, the trio swept the shot for the third straight week.

All three weigh 260 or more, are of German extraction and have colossal appetites, but they are dissimilar in several small respects. For one, they use different shots. Wilhelm has a shot of American manufacture given to him by his older brother, Bruce (whom readers of the fine print in *Track & Field News* will recognize as the world record holder in putting the shot left-handed—64' 6"). Salb uses a German make, and Knop has an exceptionally smooth model from England (his disk costs \$35 and is made in Paris).

Knop is the best discus thrower, Salb the best shotputter and Wilhelm the best weight lifter. Wilhelm, who usually finishes second to Salb in the shot, also happens to be the best grunter. When he releases the shot he lets out a combination roar-snarl-grunt that has been known to obliterate the report of the starter's pistol.

Wilhelm doesn't care for his runner-up role, however. He's pleased that Kansas sweeps the shot most of the time, but he wants to be No. 1. "I wanted to get away from California," he says, referring to his home. "I was kind of tired of following in my brother's footsteps. I want to be first. I've had to fight being in the shadows a lot—my brother and now this. People have called me Avis and I don't like being tagged as anything. I want to get the good distances. I want to throw far."

Wilhelm has beaten Salb a few times, most notably by two feet in the Texas Relays after the chicken-and-chocolate-cake breakfast. As the three of them were leaving the stadium in Austin that day, Steve and Doug needed Karl as follows:

"Say," said Knop, who had won the discus, "I think my Texas Relays watch is a little off. What does yours say, Steve?"

"According to my Texas Relays watch

continued



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it's 5:30," said Wilhelm. "Does that match what your Texas Relays watch says?"

It was just retribution for Salb's constant pranks. One night he turned out all the lights in the dorm save one, which he shone on Wilhelm's bed, and then he opened all the windows. When Steve came in he found every bug in Kansas and half of Missouri had taken up residence on his blanket. He responded by putting Lavaris in Karl's nasal spray.

Nonetheless, Salb and Wilhelm were tickled pink (presumably Kansas fluorescent pink) when Knop, who considers the shot just a diversion while he courts Debbie Blattner (Sportscaster Buddy Blattner's daughter) and works toward winning the NCAA discus title, first cleared 60 feet in the shot at the NCAA Indoors in Detroit.

Timmons had to petition to let Knop put the shot at Detroit, because the NCAA only allows two men per event from any one school. This was unfair

to Doug, because he had been consistently over the 55-foot qualifying standard and had been beaten only by Karl and Steve.

For a while Timmons toyed with the idea of splitting up the trio last weekend, sending one to the Penn Relays, one to the Colorado Relays and one to Drake, in the hope that they could win six titles. "But we've been a team all year, and I just couldn't do it," Timmons said. "Whenever I think of them, I think of them together. They get on real well together, but they compete hard. They don't give in."

So all three were on the long bus ride from Lawrence, Kans. to Des Moines last Tuesday, sitting by themselves because of their shoulders. They stoked up on a big breakfast Friday morning before the discus competition—eggs, toast, French toast, bacon, orange juice, sausage and, for Wilhelm and Salb, great chunks of pecan pie for dessert.

Knop had been psyched all week about

meeting Oregon State's Tim Vollmer, and perhaps he was too tense. He barely fouled with his heel on his first throw, threw out of bounds on his second and was so careful and slow across the ring on his third that he didn't get any distance and failed to make the finals. Vollmer won, with a throw of 187' 1", Salb took second and Wilhelm was sixth. Knop was so disappointed at not reaching the discus finals for the first time in his life that he stayed after everyone had gone home and took 15 practice throws, none under 180 feet.

Nobody was expected to beat the Kansas trio in the shot, even in the rain, and nobody did. Salb, using the same muddy towel to dry his shot and his neck, won with a toss of 62' ½". Wilhelm was second at 59' 5" and Knop third at 59' 2".

Shotputting is not, by a long shot, Salb's only athletic accomplishment. Last fall he played for the Jayhawks' seventh-ranked football team as a defensive

continued

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TRACK & FIELD continued

tackle. Since he had been at South Lake Tahoe trying to make the Olympic team (he finished fourth in the shot, barely missing the trip to Mexico), he didn't go out for football until the Tuesday before the opener against Illinois and didn't put on pads until Wednesday. He played that Saturday at middle guard, defensive end and defensive tackle, and was a starter by the fourth game.

"He might set coaching back a hundred years," said Kansas Football Coach Pepper Rodgers.

Salb the Slab quickly made a name for himself at KU, but that's nothing compared to his impact on Crossett, Ark. (pop. 3,548), his home town in the dense forests near the Louisiana border. He played defensive tackle for the state AA champion Crossett High Eagles, set a state record in the discus and a national mark (69'6") in the 12-pound shot.

The U.S. record was made at the Golden West Invitational in California, and when Salb got home the little paper-mill town of Crossett organized a Karl Salb Day, with a parade, a barbecue, T-shirts that read KARL SALB and such distinguished guests as Lieut. Governor Footsie Britt and Kansas Coach Timmons, who just happened to be passing through Crossett. (Frank Broyles had tried and failed to get him for Arkansas. "I don't think the family ever felt a part of Arkansas," he says. "They'd come from Indiana.")

"I felt kind of dumb riding down the main street on the back seat of a convertible," said Karl.

He felt even dumber when a Miss America contestant from El Dorado, Ark. made him get up at the barbecue and sing "I'm in Love with You, Honey" with her Mildred Salb, who had once lovingly prepared two meals nightly for her growing son, has a recording of this duet in her collection of Salbiana, which also includes a silver cup designating her son Arkansas' Amateur Athlete of 1967 and his high school shot enshrined on an engraved bronze base.

Salb already had signed a letter of intent with Kansas when he went to the Golden West meet. Wilhelm, one of California's finest schoolboy shotputters, was there and finished a strong second. The Kansas coaching staff had been trying to snare Steve, and the appeal of training and competing with Salb every

day was the clincher that sent him to the Midwest.

As freshmen, Salb and Wilhelm roomed together in a dorm and pledged the same fraternity, Sigma Nu. There is a possibility Steve will join Karl in the defensive line, too. Wilhelm never played high school football because his father wouldn't allow it. He went out for water polo instead and was an excellent wrestler. Finally, on his most recent vacation at home, he convinced his dad to let him try out. Timmons, no doubt envisioning two-thirds of his triumvirate being hurt in some Saturday afternoon pileup, was not enthused but didn't forbid it.

"I'm pretty serious about making the team," says Steve. "A lot of people think I'm being pressured into it because Salb went out, but it's not that at all. It haunted me all through high school that I couldn't play."

Despite Salb's football and Wilhelm's wrestling and weight lifting, Knop is probably the best all-round athlete of the three. He wasn't a tackle or even a lineman on the Olathe (Kans.) High football team. He was the *quarterback*, and a good enough one to get a football grant-in-aid at Kansas. He played tight end as a freshman, was redshirted as a sophomore and then decided to concentrate on the discus. He was a three-year starter on his high school basketball team and still can stuff. He pitched for an American Legion baseball team three years, and the Kansas volleyball team wanted him because he can spike the ball through a brick wall (unfortunately, the volleyball and track seasons overlap).

Last year, after the UCLA dual meet in the Los Angeles Coliseum, a group of Kansas athletes walked out of the stadium and heard screams for help from the adjacent swimming pool. A girl who had sneaked into the enclosed pool area with some friends was floating face down in the water. The Kansans scaled the wire fence and dragged her out, and Knop saved her life with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation. The following week he won the discus event at the Texas Relays and such back-to-back heroism was too much for Coach Timmons.

"Doug," he said admiringly, "you're the all-American boy. You're another Jack Armstrong."

Said Knop: "Who does he throw for, coach?"

END

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In the vanguard of the lacrosse surge in mid-America are three Ohio schools that will soon give the Eastern powers real competition for national honors

Bob Martin's friends back home in Springfield, Ohio are beginning to understand why he is such a popular fellow on campus at Denison University. Bob made Little All-America honorable mention and first-team All-Midwest in lacrosse at Denison, and when he comes home to Springfield on vacation these days they are getting the hang of what that means. Sure, there's always someone who still says, "Lacrosse, what's that?" but Bob is tolerant. After all, until a few years ago he had hardly heard of lacrosse himself.

In fact, since the Indians in Michigan found they were too busy with the U.S. cavalry to play games, there had not been any lacrosse in the Midwest until very recently. For the past century, while Canadians, Englishmen, Australians and Eastern Americans organized lacrosse clubs, college teams and international championships, Midwesterners contented themselves with tamer and less traditional American spring sports like

baseball and track. But, after World War II, the game slipped back across the Appalachians and set up an outpost at Kenyon College. Now, following two decades of growth, it is about ready to make people from Springfield to St. Paul take notice, just as it has in the East where college lacrosse trails only love-ins and taking-over-the-administration-building as the favorite springtime sport.

Leading the way are three Ohio schools from the 20-member Midwest Lacrosse Association—Ohio State, Bowling Green and, most spectacularly, little Denison. Together they fit neatly across the various levels of competition in all sports and, although none of them is ready to match the East's big four of Army, Johns Hopkins, Maryland and Navy, they are clearly the class of the game in the Midwest. All three schools have winning records over the past five years against non-big-four Eastern teams and they all draw their biggest spring crowds for lacrosse games.

Ohio State was one of the four charter members of the MLA in 1954 and is still the only Big Ten university playing on the varsity level. But other schools in OSLU's league are not far behind. Well organized clubs at Michigan State and Michigan along with one at independent Notre Dame show that lacrosse is gaining popularity at the biggest schools. The Spartans' athletic department will decide next week whether to enter varsity competition next season, and it is likely they will. Both the Wolverines and the Irish probably will follow soon.

A step behind the Big Ten in most other sports, the Mid-American Conference's Bowling Green is not lagging in lacrosse. The Falcons are one of the few teams in the country offering lacrosse scholarships and the policy is paying off. With All-American candidates Attackman Steve Hart and Midfielders Pete Farrell and Chuck Winters, Bowling Green will challenge Denison's dominance of the Midwest league this year.

Matching Denison, a 2,000-student, coed college located on a startlingly hilly and picturesque campus in the little central Ohio town of Granville, hardly presents a problem in many sports. But, like Johns Hopkins, the Big Red has made a special thing of lacrosse and the whole school is tied up in a peculiar fervor for the game. The band plays at important matches, little groups of Denison fans turn up at away games and more students watch lacrosse than any other sport. In what is perhaps the ultimate indicator of popularity, one Denison player said, "I've found being a lacrosse player here helps a lot more with the girls than being a football player."

Winning undoubtedly helps with the girls, too, and that is just what Denison does best. The Big Red has won or tied six of the last seven Midwest championships and, since Coach Tommy Thomsen took over an already vibrant program four years ago and built it into an even better one, Denison has had a 38-4 record. Thomsen, who was graduated from college not so very long ago himself but whose Ivy League haircut, tweed sports coat and well-used pipe make him look like a throwback to the Pléistocene Epoch compared to his unshorn, dungaree-clad players, has every reason to be an excellent lacrosse coach—which he is—and one very sad reason why he should not. He was born to the game, his grandfather played it in Baltimore



DENISON COACH THOMSEN WARMS UP GOALIE MARTIN BEFORE MICHIGAN STATE GAME

around the turn of the century, and his father, Ferris, coaches perennial Ivy champion Princeton and was one of the Lacrosse Hall of Fame's first inductees. Tommy was a center and quarterback on the University of Pennsylvania's 350-pound football team, a varsity wrestler and captain and goalie of lacrosse. He did this despite a congenital spinal deformity that has left him with a crippled leg and an excruciatingly painful-looking lump. Thomsen does not try to impress people with his battle to overcome his disability, nor does he sit home tied down by it. Before a road trip in Denison's dilapidated, 900,000-mile-old Big Red bus he is up till 2 a.m. fiber-gluing broken sticks for the game that afternoon. He personally warms up his goalie before every game, something he is very good at since his shot is probably the hardest of any on the team. One thing he does try to avoid is recruiting. "I'm old-fashioned, like my father," he says. "I'll write a few letters to kids and set up a tour of the campus if they happen to visit here, but mostly I just wait for the players who want to come to Denison to show up."

Fortunately for nonrecruiters like Thomsen, lacrosse is one of the few college sports left in which many of the players are made, not bought. And the number of good secondary-school players has increased markedly over the last 10 years. Where once metropolitan Baltimore was the only source of experienced youngsters, now lacrosse sticks are as plentiful as baseball bats in other areas, particularly the 60 Long Island, N.Y. high schools and New England private schools. This secondary school interest is beginning to move west; there are now five high school teams in suburban Chicago.

Like other good Midwest college teams, Denison usually attracts enough experienced young stickhandlers to fill out the attack and one midfield group. Thomsen's two prizes this year, Attackmen Warren Ferguson and Scott Emerson, both played prep lacrosse in the East and both came to Denison, where they are All-America candidates, without much prodding. Thomsen coached Ferguson in secondary school and Emerson, a dark, brooding, 6' 5" giant who plays on the crease, just wanted to get away from the East Coast. These two will score many of the Big Red's points this season, but they are no more important than a clutch of Ohio-bred play-

ers who will get the ball to them.

Jeff Jewett, a slender, light-haired junior with a face full of freckles, looks as if he should come from a town named Aurora, Ohio, and does. Like most Midwestern-born players, he participated in football and basketball in high school but decided to try lacrosse in college because he felt he was too small for the other sports and still wanted a game with contact. A tireless, fast athlete whose teammates call him "Roadrunner," Jewett has developed good stick work after two years and is coming on as one of his team's top midfielders. "I enjoy the contact," he says, "but what's best is the running. Like in the fourth quarter when a guy can't keep up with you anymore and you can say to yourself when you outrun him, 'I'm in tougher shape than he is.'"

Appropriately, Martin, who is Denison's captain this year, is a mixture of Ohio farm boy and Eastern schoolboy. He joined 4-H and raised pigs, chickens, horses and a prize-winning sheep before he had ever heard of lacrosse. Martin picked up the game as a goalie at a New England prep school, but returned west to Denison for college. In three years he has saved about 897 of the shots thrown at him despite a pair of the worst eyes around. "My vision's about 20/400," Martin said before holding Michigan State to two goals during the three quarters he played of Denison's recent 19-9 victory. "So I have to rely on reflexes and just getting my body in front of the ball close in, since I can't see it when it's more than a few yards away. But I can still do all right because I love to eat the ball. It feels great when it hits you for a save, but it really stings when the ball nicks you and goes in the goal."

Martin, one of only three seniors on this year's Denison team, is also something of a poet. He has a bundle of rejection slips from the *New American* and *Evergreen Reviews* and his poems, like his team, mix the East and Midwest. "My style of poetry isn't the kind they're going to print in the stand reviews out here," he says. But his usual theme, kindness to animals, is strictly 4-H and his titles show it: *Slaughterhouse*, *Potomac Cellar* and *Traps*. Odd stuff indeed from a player who likes to eat the ball, but then you still have to be a little of an individualist to play lacrosse in the Midwest.

END

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SLAVE



An affectionate Afghan of noble birth teaches the author, amid various misadventures, that when you take a dog to obedience school there usually is a fool on one end of the leash

by JEANNETTE BRUCE

TO A SHAH



Obedience. It is a nice word and sort of touching these days, like other old-fashioned words that have become obsolete through disuse. Take a hypothetical father, for instance, speaking to his hypothetical son. "When I give you an order," he says (hypothetically), "I expect instant obedience." The son has to sneak off to his room and look it up in the dictionary.

Or take the housewife who tells a carpenter she's hired that she will expect him to show up for work at 9 a.m. the following morning, as promised. Two weeks later he marches in, tears up the floor and disappears (he's gone on strike) for a month, leaving her to play hopscotch over the missing planks.

Or consider the basketball coach who tells his teen-age team that they must not smoke, drink or go out with girls during the season. He'll be lucky if they don't hollow out his head and use it for a basket.

Now I always thought that the consolation in having to grow up under the authority of parents, teachers and other bossy types was that once I got grown it would be my turn. I could give a few orders myself and expect to be obeyed. What a laugh! I can't even get my cleaning lady to show up on schedule if her day happens to coincide with the Met opener at Shea Stadium. She even had the nerve to tell me what a good time she had. ("Mayor Lindsay threw out the ball and some famous singer sang the national emblem.") So give up on the cleaning lady. She's past training. So are the kids but, never mind, they'll get theirs someday. Merchants and tradesmen are a total loss. What's left? One brisk day the answer came to me. Dogs.

Dogs can still be trained to obey. I've heard it said they like to obey. Could there be a more natural ego builder than to take a dog through obedience school? I could see myself now, barking out orders to a dog and getting in-

continued

stant obedience, right here in the heart of disobedient li'l old New York.

I did not own a dog, but I did have access to an Afghan hound named Shah, the pet of friends of mine, and observation had led me to conclude that obedience was not Shah's long suit. Could Shah become the vehicle for satisfying my frustrated desire to command somebody—or something?

Up to this point I had held no great brief for dogs. On the beleaguered island of Manhattan, a community where plaster has become obsolete as insulation between apartments, they can be a noisy nuisance. In my own setup, there was a Pekinese down the hall that frequently escaped from his apartment into mine and made off with my slippers. A beagle upstairs yelped dismally in his master's absence, which was most of the day. But I was mildly fond of Shah. His owners, Louise and Richard Calamari, wanted to send him to obedience school, with the eventual hope of showing him. With a Ch. before his name, should he win a ribbon, the pups he would someday sire would be worth more than if he just noodled around with the 11 cats that also lived in the Calamari apartment. Louise couldn't take him to school. She was, as the phrase goes, expecting. Richard worked all day and spent two evenings a week with his National Guard unit. So I contracted to take Shah to school every Monday night for eight weeks, even though it meant missing Rowan and Martin's Laugh-In. That's how keen I was on this obedience thing.

Wazir Shah, to give him his full title, comes from a long line of champions, all of them with names out of *The Arabian Nights*. His sire, Ch. Sahadi Sinbad, had been whelped by Ch. Crown Crest Khalifah, who had enjoyed a brief nuptial arrangement with Ch. Shurkhan of Grandeur, the first Afghan ever to win the coveted best-in-show award at Westminster. Indrani, Shah's dam, was impressive, too. Though not a show dog, she had earned her C.D.X. (Champion Dog Excellence) which is a sort of master's degree in obedience. Indrani was popular with breeders because of her unusually friendly disposition. The Afghan generally tends to be haughty and aloof with strangers, but in this respect Shah took after his dam. He was as purebred as Queen Victoria and twice as approachable. In coloring, he resembled his sire, Sahadi Sinbad, black with a white chest. His hair, from topline to toes, was long and silky, except for the bareness of the traditional Afghan tail. Shah's tail was a frayed rope that looped at the tip. In the coarse deep grasses of Afghanistan, hunters followed the high-held tail, frequently all that was visible as the dog chased its prey. A pretty legend has it that the Afghan was one of the dogs that Noah took into the Ark. Dog lovers, I said to Richard, who had told me this to impress me, will create any fiction to up the breed.

My first move with respect to Shah was to call one Richard D'Ambrisi, the executive secretary of the Association

of Obedience Clubs & Judges, Inc., who suggested I take Shah to the POTC, the Poodle Obedience Training Club.

"Poodles?" I said. "Listen. Shah is an Afghan hound. He stands 28 inches high and weighs more than 70 pounds. Even if I shaved him down to the last hair, he wouldn't pass for a poodle."

"No problem," said Mr. D'Ambrisi. "When the POTC was founded 20 years ago, it trained only poodles. Now the club welcomes all breeds. We're firm advocates of training for all dogs. The name is just a hangover from the early days. An Afghan, you say? Beautiful dog. Did you know he is also known as the Barukhzy hound, sometimes called the Buluche? Around Kabul, they still call it the Bulkh greyhound." He was probably too polite to remind me that the Afghan had also been known as the "cy-nocephalus" around the Sinai district, which, literally translated, means "baboon."

"As a matter of fact," continued Mr. D'Ambrisi, "you may still run into more poodles in the class than anything else."

As a matter of fact, I did. Not only that, it was clear from the outset that the poodles were going to outshine the other breeds. Of the 19 dogs registered in the course, nine were miniature poodles, all wiggling their shaved little behinds in an absolute frenzy to please. Poodles curry favor by nature, and have a large strain of him. A few of the poodles from the novice class, which was held just prior to the beginner's class, actually arrived with pin curls in their hair.

A cab driver explained the poodle bit to me on the way home from the first session.

"Poodles," he said, as we turned into Central Park drive, "are substitute children, y'understan?" So what do you do with children? You comb their hair and send them to school, right?" He was somewhat less knowledgeable about Afghans.

"My wife knits one every year," he said. "Gives 'em away for Christmas."

"This particular Afghan," I said, "lives in a three-room apartment with his owners and 11 cats."

"That must be some Afghan," he said.

Already this was my reaction, too. Some Afghan I had thought that the grandson of the great Shurkhan and the son of the sweet-tempered Indrani would pass a beginner's course in obedience with flying colors. But after this first night, as I explained to the cab driver, the poodles in the class were making Shah look like a half-wit, and I had learned that an obedience school goes right to the heart of the matter in a beginner's course. It trains the master to train the dog. The master sweats; the dog has a ball.

The POTC held its classes on the first floor of the Cherokee Democratic Club, an ancient brownstone located on East 79th Street just off Second Avenue. A flight of stone steps led up to a heavy outside double door that opened into a foyer giving on to the main room. From the size of

it, it may at one time have been a ballroom, but now it was devoid of furnishings except for folding chairs stacked in the corner and a bar set up at the far end of the room. On Monday nights the bar was covered with empty, unwashed cocktail glasses, the only indication we ever had of the vanished Democrats, who apparently held meetings there over the weekend.

The first night had begun with words of introduction from our obedience instructor, Dorothea Vail. "The dogs," explained Miss Vail over the initial bedlam, "will settle down as soon as the procedure becomes familiar to them. As you progress in controlling your dog you will learn how he responds, almost how he *thinks* [I wasn't sure I wanted to know how Shah *thinks*]. Dogs, like children, are happier when they know what's expected of them. After all, when a dog is heeling, he is right where he wants to be, at his master's side. Each breed," she continued, "has its own specific problems. Scent hounds, such as beagles and bloodhounds, for example, tend to keep their heads down. Look at Charlie Brown over there." We all looked at Charlie Brown, a beagle who did seem to be trying to sniff the planks right out of the floor. "Sight hounds, like the Afghan, hold their heads high." Everyone looked at Shah, whose whole front section suddenly went down as he bowed playfully to Cleopatra, a female German shepherd just out of reach.

Miss Vail made a tour of the dogs, checking training collars. Each dog wore a slip collar that tightened when the leash was snapped, then loosened automatically. A bacteriologist by profession, Miss Vail had been teaching smartalek poodles and other dogs to heel, sit, stand, et cetera, et cetera, for 20 years, an unpaid labor of love. In that time she had learned a lot about the responses of different breeds.

"Hounds," she told me at once, sliding Shah's collar up and down, "have an independent streak. They're a bit resistant to training. Afghans, especially, like to clown around. Shah will have to learn the difference between work and play. Also, he is a heavy dog, which means you will have a special problem in control. You may have trouble moving him into position, so the timing of your corrections will be important. Does he have any specific problems?" I had an instant mental image of the man on the curb, his back to us, as Shah was being walked to school that first evening. It was warm and the man was dressed in Bermuda shorts. He had gone up like a rocket when Shah's cold nose unexpectedly found its mark. "He likes to sneak up behind people and—uh—goose them," I whispered. Miss Vail dealt for a moment with the mental image.

"When Shah learns to heel properly, you'll be able to control his—er—contact with—uh—objects on the street. Anything else?"

"Only that he has a tendency to rush headlong up and down stairs," I added. "Since I only outweigh Shah by

about 30 pounds, I have a hard time holding him back, or getting down a flight of steps without going down head-first."

"Try waking in front of his head when you come to steps, so that your body blocks his vision and movement. Make him follow you, instead of you following him." It seemed such a simple solution, I was ashamed I hadn't thought of it myself. Shah, who had kept his eyes fixed on Miss Vail throughout this brief psychoanalysis, now raised a huge, shaggy paw and gave her a playful push. She shook the paw, then moved on to the next dog, an Irish setter named Kelly, who was peering mistrustfully from behind his mistress' skirts.

"Irish setters consider this sort of thing beneath them," said Miss Vail tartly. "You'll find that Kelly lacks concentration, so you must be patient and firm."

Corky, a cairn terrier, was next on the couch. He backed off, yelping furiously, a small, whirling dervish of golden fur. "Terriers are fairly difficult to train," said Miss Vail. "They are high-strung by nature, and a highly developed hunting instinct makes them want to attack anything that moves. We'll have to work a bit with Corky."

Nicky, a white miniature poodle, was only slightly less deafening than Corky, which was most unpooodlelike. It turned out to be a case of self-defense. Nicky shared his home with a 9-year-old boy. He had become a misanthrope. "Constant teasing can make a nervous wreck of any dog in a week," explained Miss Vail. She was able to pass briefly over the other poodles in the class, all apparently well adjusted, waving their stubby tails, anxious to get on with whatever it was they were to get on with. Percy, 100 pounds of Old English sheepdog, outweighed

continued



At the command of "heel" the dog walks sedately at his master's side—unless there is something he would rather do.

Shah. Whereas the Afghan's body looked to be all sinewy muscle, the sheepdog, with his wealth of hair, looked like an overweight Beanie. Other members of the beginner's class included a Bouvier des Flandres, another Afghan named Piper, in whom Shah displayed not the slightest interest, a German shepherd named Shadow, who was going to be "handled" by an 8-year-old girl, and a dachshund called Sara. Sara was amiable and quiet, no doubt taking the long view of things.

We were ready to begin. Miss Vail stood in the center of the room, a slim woman with short, graying hair. She was casually dressed in slacks and a long-sleeved shirt. Her complexion was ruddy, as though she spent a great deal of time out of doors. I had noted that, with the exception of Corky, the dogs did not mind when she handled them. We were strung out in single file, with about 10 feet between each dog, on a training mat that circled the room, leaving a large uncovered area in the center.

"Heeling," began Miss Vail, to her human and canine audience, "is nothing more than walking without straining at the lead. If your dog darts forward, snap the leash so that his collar tightens. That is known as correction. When he falls back at your side, the collar should be allowed to slacken. Be generous with praise. By next week you should not have to drag the dog along. Say 'heel' in a firm voice, first calling your dog's name to get his attention. When your dog moves forward, step out on your left foot and walk at a normal pace. We will start from a sitting position." The little girl handling Shadow promptly sat down on the mat.

"Not you, dear. The dog," said Miss Vail. "You can sit your dogs by pulling the leash up and back with your

right hand. With your left hand, push down on the dog's hindquarters. Call your dog's name and say 'sit.' By the end of the course your dog should sit whenever you halt, without being told. Now, then. Sit your dogs." My right hand, near Shah's collar, pulled the leash up and back, but my left hand fell about a foot short of his hindquarters. I don't exactly have arms like a gorilla's. Shah turned his head and watched amiably as I scribbled at his rear. I stood on my toes, and as Shah moved abruptly I fell in a jackknife position across his back, like a dead cowboy who had been slung crosswise in a saddle.

"You seem to be having a problem," said Miss Vail unnecessarily. "You were standing too far forward to begin with. Try it from a position just behind his shoulders, and don't hold the leash so tightly. You're choking him." Relaxing my desperate grip on the lead, I got ready to try again. Shah sat down with an enormous yawn before I so much as touched him.

"How would you like to be a rug?" I asked him. Meanwhile, Corky was having apoplexy at the far end of the room and the German shepherd was sitting complacently on the little girl. Miss Vail rushed off to rescue her.

"Praise your dogs," she called, over the terrier's soliloquy. "We want them to consider their schooling fun. Don't give them the idea that correction means punishment." For the next few minutes we drilled our dogs in the sitting exercise and the room was filled with the sounds of pats and soft cries of "good dog." Shah ate it up. Now it was time to try the heeling exercise. "On my command of 'forward,'" said Miss Vail, with her forefinger and thumb over Corky's muzzle, "you will call your dog's name and say 'heel.' We will proceed around the room until I say 'halt.' Then you will stop and sit your dogs. Ready? 'Forw-a-a-rd!'" The dogs, having been held motionless by a firm grip on the collar, were all released at once. We proceeded around the room, though it was not so much a procession as a charge. Shah, free at last, lunged joyfully after Cleo, who was trying to jump into her master's arms. Percy, the sheepdog, moved sedately forward like a fat housewife, swinging a massive rump from side to side. A poodle named Melvin walked on his hind legs. Kelly ran around in circles, wrapping his leash around his mistress' legs, and Charlie Brown rolled over on his back and waved his paws. It was like any first day in kindergarten.

"Halt!" shouted Miss Vail, over the uproar. She waited, unperturbed, for the students to be gathered in and calmed down.

"Sit your dogs." Shah looked up at me inquiringly through his silky forelock, then crouched, and while I looked on helplessly, relieved himself on the mat. Miss Vail was going on again about praise. Without missing a beat, she snatched up a roll of paper toweling and a bottle of liquid dog deodorant from a nearby table and handed them to me. "Some dogs are nervous the first night," she



Shah was never where he was supposed to be, preferring to inspect such things as dirty Democratic glasses.

said. Some dogs are nervous! I got down on my hands and knees, scrubbing furiously. Shah lowered his head and nudged me playfully. The other dogs were heeling again, circling around the grandson of Shirkhan, the great grandson of Kashir of Vajar and Tawna of Ta-Maroc, descended from Ham-Saw's Allah Babu Pacha and Aladdin's Zartik. Back in the old days, the primitive peoples in the hills of Afghanistan had used the Afghans' hair to make boleros.

My evening wasn't over. A few minutes later I was rushing to head Shah off as, class dismissed, he bounded toward the stairs. As I moved in front of his head, he thrust it neatly between my legs, and I more or less rode down the steps straddling his shoulders. "Look at all the dogs," squealed a woman at the curb to her male companion. "And, oh my God, here comes a pony."

"I wouldn't count too much on Shah's getting his diploma," I told the Calmaris that night.

"Of course he'll get his diploma," said Richard, who makes his living editing television commercials, an unrealistic world at best.

By the third week I felt more optimistic. Shah was heeling beautifully and sitting without being told, sitting crookedly and sitting. "The sit should be square and facing straight ahead," said Miss Vail. Shah swung his rear end out toward the center of the room. "Guide him in before he gets all the way down." I could have used a derrick. Percy, galumphing along in front of us, sat crooked too. Cleopatra, behind us, often refused to sit at all. Corky was still on strike. The poodles all sat square, facing straight ahead.

I practiced with Shah on the way to class, a walk that took us about a mile down Second Avenue, a street of no particular charm, dotted with ugly, flat-faced dwellings, a supermarket or two, an open vegetable market, bars, cleaning establishments, shabby cafés and overflowing garbage cans. Shah liked to stick his head through any door that stood open, lunge gleefully at other dogs we happened to meet and allow himself to be parted by admiring pedestrians. His stance was that of royalty accepting homage.

After class we would return by way of First Avenue, with hardly a tittle of difference between it and Second, except that half of one block had been given over to a construction job in its earliest stages. Dirt bulldozed out of the earth stood in piles, lumber was stacked high and a few boulders jutted out of the ground. An Afghan is at his best in rocky, uneven terrain, I had read. Once in the lot, I gave Shah his head. He pawed at the sand, rolled in it, climbed the boulders, inspected the lumber and reluctantly allowed himself to be taken home. He was now beginning to cry and cut up a bit when I left him, and his greeting when I arrived to take him to school was torrential in its enthusiasm.

"He likes school," said Louise.

"He likes his trainer," said Richard. I maintained

my pose of tremendous boredom with the whole project.

"What a stupid hound," I would say. "He can't even learn to sit straight, unless it's in the middle of an intersection with a gaggle of Volkswagens bearing down on us." Then we would be off for another session; walking, jogging, running down Second Avenue.

In class we progressed to a variety of exercises—right about-turns, slow walk, running and back to normal heeling. The idea was for the dog to keep pace with his trainer and not have to be dragged around on the turns. Miss Vail called out maneuvers like an Army drill instructor, and sometimes I turned left when I should have turned right. "What are you doing over there?" Miss Vail would shout. It got to be a refrain. Shah and I were never where we were supposed to be in the scheme of things.

Shah would heel and Shah would sit. But Shah wouldn't stay, and as the weeks passed I realized that this was going to be the big put-down come graduation time.

The stay signal is given with the left hand, holding the palm toward the dog's face with fingers pointing to the floor. Eventually, the dog will recognize the hand signal without the verbal command. By the time a dog has completed the utility course, he will be obeying most of the commands by hand signal alone. This is useful if the owner or handler wants to communicate with his dog from a distance—or if he has laryngitis. Shah's response to my hand in front of his nose was to give it an affectionate swipe with his tongue. I had the cleanest left hand in the class.

"Leave your dogs," Miss Vail would say, once they were sitting.

"Stay!" (business with the hand). We would step out in front of our dogs, turn to face them and then back up to the end of the lead. In obedience competition the dog must stay sitting for a full minute (three minutes in advanced courses). The dog may move his head but not his body. Shah was generally good for about 10 seconds. As I would back off, his eyes would take on an expression of amused tolerance. And as I got to the end of his lead, he would raise one paw and wave it. Then he would bound forward with a joyous yelp.

"You must not let him get away with that," Miss Vail would say, and back we would go to try again. Once in a while he stayed long enough for me to practice the next command, which was "come!" accompanied by a circling motion toward one's own body with the right arm.

"When you say 'come,'" instructed Miss Vail one night, "make your voice as pleasant as possible. Your dog should want to come to you. You can always spot a dog at competitions that has been trained to obey through fear or overtraining. He goes through the exercises with a drooping head, completely dispirited. We don't want dispirited dogs, do we?" Of course we didn't. On command then we all called "come" in desperately happy voices. My own voice rose to a shrill falsetto. Shah was absolutely frantically

continued

tured. He collapsed on the mat and rolled around in what I could only interpret as convulsive laughter.

"Let's try it again," said Miss Vail patiently. "Your voices should be normal in pitch but happy. When the dog comes to you—you may have to gather up the leash—make him sit squarely in front of you. When I say 'finish' [a maneuver we had already practiced] tell your dog to heel and bring him around into heel position. Pat your left side to let him know where you want him—and don't forget the praise. Now, call your dogs." Shah came and sat and tried to put his head under my skirt. He was happier than I was.

"By tomorrow you'll be a bolero," I told him.

"I finish!"



The order "sit" produced strange results. A German shepherd named Shadow liked to sit it literally.

"Shah, heel!" Attaboy, good dog, pat, pat, pat. Over here, Shah. Never mind Cleo. Over—oh, nuts.

"What is Shah doing over by the bar?" asked Miss Vail. I felt like drinking the dregs left by the Democrats.

In between classes we were supposed to be drilling our dogs about half an hour a day. Because of the Calamans' work schedule and my own, Shah was deprived of his homework. I could see that Cleopatra and Percy were getting a lot of practice. Their progress was consistent. Even Kelly was settling down a bit. Charlie Brown still played with his leash a lot, and who knows what the poodles were doing between classes? Probably writing dissertations.

My travels with Shah during the finish exercise had taken me across the room beside Piper, the other Afghan, a golden beauty with a black mask. Piper's owner lapsed. He gave me a rundown on Piper's pedigree, an Afghan from the patrician line. I gave him a rundown on Shah.

"The grandson of Sher Khan," I said.

"The grandson of Thirkhan? How thumpily marvelous!" said Piper's master. Miss Vail interrupted our excursion into Afghan ancestry.

"Sit your dogs!"

"Piper, sit!" said Piper's master.

"Thah, sit!" I said, automatically. Both dogs sat.

Every dog has his day, someone once said, and the following week Shah had his. He was superb on the down-at-heel stay. "To train your dog to lie down at your left side," explained the training manual we had been given on registering in the course, "place your left hand on the leash, close to the dog's collar. Kneel on your left knee, command 'down,' and pull down. While you apply pressure on the collar, give praise. After the dog goes down, say 'stay.' Step on the leash with your left foot to keep the dog down, then stand erect. Putting a large dog down this way is safer than reaching over the dog's back, which brings a dog's teeth close to the trainer's face," concluded the author delicately.

"Some dogs get stubborn when told to lie down. Others resent the command and will jump at the owner," observed Miss Vail as we went over our instructions. But not the great great grandson of Aladdin's Genie of Ben Ghazi. Shah went down the first time like a dream, a dark fugue in the night.

"He mustn't collapse like a bag of black bones," remarked Miss Vail, whose comments sometimes lacked poetic expression. I got him up and went through the maneuver again. Plunk. He was down, and he stayed down, closing his eyes with a contented sigh.

"Leave your dogs. Stand directly in front of them. If they get up, put them down again." Shah seemed to be asleep. I waited, bored, while the other dogs fiddled around. Nicky and Corky were having a contest to see who could bark loudest. Kelly took a firm stance of resistance with absent-minded disdain. Percy went down whimpering, and Cleo leapt at her master. Eventually, the dogs were all down in some semblance of order.

"Back away slowly now," instructed Miss Vail. "If the dog stays, drop the leash quietly on the floor." I backed away, holding my breath. Shah lay like death, his eyes tightly closed. "Circle your dogs, then come back to the end of the leash and pick it up." I curled Shah three times, twice walking, once running. Apparently, I could have done a Highland fling, gone out for a Coke and taken in a movie. To make sure the dog was still alive I laid my hand on his side. A muscle quivered, one eye opened. Then Shah returned to his coma. But getting him up into a sitting position was a different kettle of Afghans.

"He really digs the lying down bit," I told Miss Vail.

"I'm so glad you've found something he likes to do," she replied.

Refreshed after his nap, Shah wanted to run most of the way home. We stopped to rest at the construction site. I sat down on a few planks of lumber. Shah sat quietly beside me, snuffing the night air. He had developed a new kind of sit. He tilted, so that his body rested against my leg—a Leaning Tower of Pisa with hair. A dog and his trainer

develop a special relationship, Miss Vail had said. In three weeks, two days after graduation from obedience school, Shah would be moving to the country. The Calamaris had taken an apartment with a garden on Long Island. Shah put his head on my knee.

"I'll be glad to see Shah get out of the city so I can call my time my own again," I said when I got him home.

"If that's the way you feel about it, Richard can take him to school next week," said Louise. The following Monday I got there early.

There was one more exercise to learn, the stand-stay. A dog will usually stand quietly if you reach around his back and tickle his stomach. The exercise was a bit more complicated than that, naturally, since you can't stand around forever tickling a dog's stomach. Handling the leash properly is important. Pull up slightly or back and the dog will think you want him to sit, so the leash, wadded up in the right hand, must be pulled forward until the dog stands, at which point the stomach is tickled with the left hand to keep him up and still ("Praise your dogs!"). Simultaneously, as the leash is pulled forward the right hand is dropped directly before the dog's face with the command "stand!" and enough praise to make him think he is passing the course. The stand signal must be given with the right hand so the dog won't confuse it with the signal to stay, which is always given with the left hand.

I wondered what Shah made of all this. I knew what I made of it. I needed another hand. Shah was tickled nearly to death. When I stopped, he sat down or lay down.

"Stand your dogs and tell them to stay!" Fat chance.

"Leave your dogs!" I ripined away. Shah ripined after me. "He's clowning. Take him back," said Miss Vail Back and forth, back and forth. The poodles, moonless as statues after two or three tries, watched the charade. Buttons, the brightest poodle in the class, his brown hair fluffed out to his waist, stood like little Miss Priss, disdainful even of the other poodles. So what's the big deal about staying? he seemed to say. Nicky hated his guts. After class, Corky, who was still learning, or not learning, to heel was kept after school. So was Shah.

"You're not firm enough," said one of the other poodle club members, a gentle lady with a cloud of white hair. "Your voice must let him know when you mean business. She took Shah's lead, pulling and tickling him to a standing position.

"Stay!" she commanded, in a voice that would have grounded Apollo. She walked away, and Shah gadded after her.

"He doesn't understand the word 'stay' yet," she said, "but don't be discouraged. We've trained some 1,200 dogs. Three hundred of these have earned their C.D. (companion dog) degrees, 170 (like Indrani) the C.D.X. and about 80 have U.D. (utility dog) degrees. That last is the Ph. D. in obedience, you know."

"Were any of them Afghans?"

"Oh, dear, no. They were all poodles. I don't have statistics on the other breeds, but I can assure you that we've trained Great Danes, Chihuahuas, Yorkshire terriers, cocker spaniels, Italian greyhounds. . . . Not everyone cares about degrees. Most people are content simply to teach their dogs to become well-behaved members of the home and street. Shah is doing very well, but perhaps you're not working with him enough in between classes." I hung my head.

The final Monday night was devoted to "preparation for graduation." Like most dress rehearsals, it did not go well. Shah was obstinate one minute, cooperative the next, clownish and regal, attentive and mindless.

"We don't expect your dogs to be perfect," Miss Vail announced at the end of the session. "That would be a lot to ask after only eight lessons. But we will expect you to be able to control your dogs when they are tested. We'll watch to see how you handle them, how you make your corrections, the timing of those corrections and how your dogs respond. Beginners are not graded on a point system, only on the overall picture. Work with your dogs about 30 minutes a day, if you can, and don't forget the praise." When Shah and I left, Corky was being heeled and pruned all around the room.

Both Calamaris planned to attend the graduation exercises. Shah was given a bath and brushed until he shone. Before we left the apartment, Louise combed his topknot back flat against his skull, which gave his long, narrow head something of the appearance of a peeled egg. By the time we got to school, a brisk wind had ruffled his hair. The topknot hung in strands across his eyes. It was the way I liked him best.

The club was filled with friends and relatives. Tables

continued



Shah developed a unique sitting posture, sitting himself against my leg—a Leaning Tower of Pisa with hair.

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SLAVE *continued*

had been set up for refreshments. To the people, not the dogs—and some of the poodles were wearing bows on top of their heads. Handlers were given armbands with numbers, indicating the order in which the dogs were to be lined up for testing. The judge, Carol Goodwin, was introduced. Miss Vail stood off to the side, looking over her students. Charlie Brown did not show up for graduation. Neither did Shadow or Sara, the dachshund. Dropouts, Corky, choking with wrath, was finally taken out of the lineup. He was, as the board of education might have put it, "uneducable." Nicky dosed off intermittently but settled down for his test. Miss Goodwin approached the dogs individually and gave their handlers commands. Watching, as the dogs went through their exercises, I compared the performance at graduation with the bedlam of the first night. They seemed like different dogs. Miss Goodwin approached Shah. He gave her a friendly toss of the head.

"Kneel your dog."

"Shah, heel!" Shah got up immediately, moving forward, and I stepped out on my left foot.

"Right, turn!" With the leash still slack, I pivoted. Shah turned with me.

"Halt!" Shah sat, square and facing straight ahead. Then he tilted against my leg and closed his eyes. He was Catlike about to collapse on the couch. I knelt him straight.

"Leave your dog."

"Stay!" I commanded, with sinking heart, dropping my left hand in front of his nose. I stepped out before him, faced him and then backed away. Shah moved restlessly but stayed, settling back on his haunches, eyes puzzled. "Stay," I mouthed at him silently. At obedience trials, a command may be given only once. I stopped and waited. Ten seconds. Slowly, that big, black hairy paw began to lift. I closed my eyes. If he waved, I'd laugh. One of the spectators giggled. When I opened my eyes, Miss Vail was smiling. Shah was still there, his paw in the air.

"Return to your dog," said Miss Goodwin. I walked, almost ran, circling Shah until I was back in my original

position, with the dog on my left. "Down your dog." Now we would share. We did. Shah went down with a blissful sigh, closing his eyes.

"Sit your dog." It must have been the shortest nap a dog ever had. Jerking up and back on the leash, I said, "Shah, sit." He lumbered up, plainly disgruntled.

"Stand your dog." I pulled forward on the leash. As Shah stood, I tickled him madly.

"Leave your dog." We were in trouble again. I commanded him to stay, without much conviction, and backed away. Shah paced me every step of the way. I knew what he was thinking. He had had enough of this particular game. I stopped and Shah yawned, then collapsed in a heap to finish his nap. Miss Goodwin patted on to Buttons, whose performance was brilliant.

"We blew it," I told Shah, but we hadn't. With the exception of Corky, who had been patted, spoken to nicely and sent home, all the dogs got their diplomas. Some would be returning for the novice course. Prizes were given at the end of the testing. Buttons got first prize, deservedly. I reluctantly admitted, Melvin got second, and another poodle named Jamie got third. Big, old, hairy Percy got a fourth prize for having shown the most steady improvement.

I joined the Calamians for refreshments. They were very proud of Shah, who sat beside me, tilting.

"It's hard to believe you won't be coming to take him to school next Monday night," said Louise callously. I didn't answer.

"You can come out to Long Island and carry on the good work," said Richard, but we all knew I couldn't.

"I think I'll go home now," I said brightly. "If I get a cab right away, I can catch the last half hour of Roman and Martin's *Lough-In*." I got up. Shah bounded to his feet, watching me alertly. He whumped once.

"Stay!" I said, in a voice that was much too loud, dropping my hand in front of his face. The tip of his tongue touched my palm. I turned and ran.

END

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by PETER CARRY

AMERICAN LEAGUE

Chicago's (2-3) run production is up more than 200% over the opening weeks of last season and White Sox General Manager Ed Short knows who should get the credit: "Well, it looks like our kids are here to stay," he said last week when the Sox' young franchise of Buddy Bradford, Carlos May, Bill Melton and Gail Hopkins brought their team back up to first place in the tight Western Division race. Outfielder Bradford, who hit just .217 as a part-time player in 1968, led the way, hitting .330 with two home runs and seven RBIs as the Sox' newcomers—who average just 23 years old—increased their share of the White Sox' runs scored and RBIs this year to 50%. Minnesota (4-3) and Oakland (4-3) battled the Sox for the top spot and each other for blood. After the A's Reggie Jackson belted two homers in one game, Twins Reliever Dick Woodson knocked the shaggy down on two consecutive pitches and ended up paying for each of them. First, Jackson cleared both benches when he charged the mound and bowled over Woodson with a body block. Then, on a later play at the plate, the A's Rick Monday tore a five-inch gash in Woodson's leg as the pitcher tagged him out. The style of play was more peaceful, but no less productive in Kansas City (2-3), where hitters Jerry Adair and Chuck Harrison helped the surprising Royals remain within 1½ games of first. Adair, who is playing for his fourth team in four years, hit .526 and Harrison won one game with a ninth-inning, two-run, pinch single. A shut-out by Jim McGlothlin, California's (3-1) second complete game of the year, ended a six-game losing streak for the Angels. Clutch pitching by Seattle's (2-4) Steve Bar-

ber couldn't prevent the Pilots from slipping behind the Angels into last place. The former Orioles 20-game winner combined with Reliever Diego Segui to throw a two-hitter that halted their team's skid at three straight losses. New York's (4-3) Mel Stottlemyre, with five of his team's first nine victories, almost uncharacteristically has put the Yankees into the thick of the Eastern Division's first-place battle. The righthander won twice last week to become the majors' top pitcher. Boog Powell of Baltimore (6-2) is 6'4" and 240 pounds, but last week his hitting reminded people more of another famous Oriole batter, 140-pound Wee Willie Keeler. Facing overshifted defenses designed to stop his pull hitting, the left-handed Powell began hitting 'em where they ain't, punching to left field instead of pulling to right. He connected for a single, double and sacrifice fly in his team's 5-2 win over Detroit (3-4). The defending champion Tigers dropped to fourth place because of weak hitting. With sluggers Willie Horton (217), Bill Freehan (.174) and Norm Cash (.074) all in slumps, the Tigers' team average fell to .188 for the week. Hitting was hardly a problem at either Boston (3-3) or Washington (4-2). The Red Sox blasted 13 home runs for the week, setting a record for homers over a 10-game streak with 26. And the Sox had good news from their pitching staff when Jim Lonborg, who had been out with an injury since opening day, returned to defeat the Tigers for his first win of the year. Some of Manager Ted Williams' expertise must be rubbing off on the Senators, who average .267. The best student was Hank Allen, unnoticed elder brother of Phils slugger Richie. Allen lifted his season's average to .462 with a 10-for-

19 surge. Cleveland (0-6) ran its losing streak to nine games with a combination of painful hitting (.200) and pathetic pitching that allowed eight runs a game. Manager Alvin Dark tried to rally his team by telling them of the 1951 Giants, with whom he played. That team lost 11 straight early in the season and still won the pennant. But, as Dark no doubt remembers, the Giants' win was considered a miracle.

Standings—East: Balt 15-7, Bos 16-7, NY 10-8, Det 9-8, Wash 10-10, Cle 5-12, Wash 10-10, Det 10-8, Chi 8-7, KC 8-8, Cal 6-8, Sea 6-9.

NATIONAL LEAGUE

San Francisco's (6-1) Gaylord Perry, who was bombed for seven runs in his initial start of the year, was one of the first pitchers to admit that the lower mound caused him trouble. Now he appears to be one of the first pitchers to have adjusted to the new height. "All the pitchers are having more trouble with the new mound than we expected," says Perry. "I'm now using a higher kick and taking more time to hide the ball from the hitters." Perry has won all three of his starts since his opening failure with strong, complete-game performances. His victory last week sustained a Giants drive that brought them into a tie for the Western Division lead, Cincinnati (4-4) moved up on the leaders too after Manager Dave Bristol juggled his batting order. Catcher Johnny Bench, shifted up to the fifth spot in the lineup, promptly sparked a Reds barrage of 53 runs in eight games. During that span Bench drove in 12 runs to take over the league leadership. Atlanta (2-4) played at Los Angeles (4-3) in a battle for the division lead, but Braves Manager Luman Harris spent most of his time fight-

HIGHLIGHT

"First Babe Ruth and now the Hawk," complained a Boston teeny-bopper's banner after the Red Sox traded mid-sluggo Ken Harrelson to Cleveland in a six-player deal. The reference was to the lamented 1920 deal with New York, but the fears it might have evoked were insufficient to keep Harrelson at Boston. The 27-year-old outfielder, who had abruptly retired when he figured the trade might mean a loss of more than \$500,000 in nonbaseball work, just as quickly unretired himself after talking things over with Commissioner Bowie Kuhn. Dressed in cowboy boots, bell-bottoms and an ascot tie, the Hawk met last week for four hours with the Commissioner and then announced the expected: there is baseball to be played and money to be made even in Cleveland. There are fans to be won, too

—and the league's RBI champ began by sweeping them off their feet. A rock band and 500 young rooters ecstatically welcomed him at the airport and the Hawk returned the greeting, saying, "I'm happier than a pig in mud to be here." That night his new boosters quickly forgave a first game fielding blunder when Harrelson slugged a triple in his first at bat as an Indian. The hit and a two-run homer in his second game helped put Cleveland ahead both times, but Harrelson could not do it all alone. With the Tribe's pitching, the best in the league a year ago, still mysteriously ineffective so far this season, his new team lost those games and by week's end had yet to win with him in the lineup. Still, optimistic Harrelson found something to cheer about after being told a Playboy Club would open soon in Cleveland. Said the Hawk: "I've been here just a few hours and already the town is opening up."



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ing for enforcement of the spitball rule. Fuming that four of the seven losses his team had suffered had been to spitballers, Harris accused umpires, owners and the league presidents of failing to stand behind the spitball ban. He then prepared his players to face the Dodgers' Bill Singer—an ace, he claimed, with the Vaseline pitch—by having his own batting practice pitchers throw greased-up balls during the pregame hitting drills. Singer still stopped Atlanta on four hits for his fourth win. Having lost that battle, Harris prepared for war. He promised to teach everyone on his staff how to throw the forbidden pitch and then demand that they use it during games. "The Braves are going to start throwing the spitter now and I don't want to hear anyone complaining about it," said Harris. San Diego (5-3), which has made three trades involving 11 players since the expansion draft last fall, may have made its best deal by signing unwanted free agent Jack Baldschun after the Reds and A's rejected him. Baldschun was a two-time winner in relief last week and the only member of the Padres staff with that many wins for the season. Both victories came when rookie Nate Colbert hit three-run, eighth-inning home runs. Houston's (1-7) only win came on a two-hit shutout by Larry Dierker, but pinching was the missing ingredient in four of the Astros' other games as the staff allowed 41 runs. Even with Chicago (3-4) and Pittsburgh (4-2) locked in a rollicking duel for first place (see page 20), Philadelphia (4-1) was the hottest team in the Eastern Division. Despite the loss of ace left-hander Chris Short to the disabled list, the Phillies' pitching was strong. Woody Fryman and Rick Wise each allowed just one run in their wins, but the most impressive victories came from unknowns Grant Jackson and Jerry Johnson. Jackson, a left-hander who finished 1-6 last season, matched St. Louis' (3-3) Bob Gibson for seven innings until the Phillies' batters broke loose for a four-run rally that allowed him to coast to a 5-1 win. Johnson, 4-4 a year ago, shut out the Cardinals two days later with a gritty 1-0 performance. Even a 478 week by the league's top hitter, Cleon Jones, could not prevent New York (2-4) from dropping into last place. Montreal's (2-4) no-hit Pitcher Bill Stoneman added a shutout over the Cards to his record before the Pirates nicked him for a run and ended his scoreless inning streak at 21. The little right-hander and his teammates were finding life north of the border downright flattering too. Once thought to be the weakest of the new franchises, Montreal has turned out to be easily the strongest, drawing an average of 19,000 for home games despite cold weather and competition from hockey's Stanley Cup.



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Standings—Eagles 16 8 Pitt 7 6 Phil 7 5,
SEA 7 13, Miam 7 11, NYF 10, Wash 12 6,
SF 12 4, Atl 11 1, Cal R 9, SD 9 11, Tex 4 17.

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE MYTHS

Sirs,

This seems to be the year for taking potshots at Abner Doubleday, whom Harold Peterson has failed to prove did not invent baseball in 1839 (*Baseball's Ancestry Appraised*, April 14). How about the possibility that Alexander Cartwright was present that day in 1839 when Doubleday laid out the diamond, set up the rules and named the game? How about the possibility that he heard about it from a friend? And that he then began to modify or develop the rules, if, in fact, he did this at all?

My great-great-grandfather Phineas Bark kept a diary as he came West, and I never thought of garlying it into a claim that he invented anything. But now that you bring it up, there is that entry in May 1851. It seems that as he rode along the banks of the Green River toward Fort Brader he spotted a ball the very same one Alack lost, no doubt! He started toward it, and at that moment an Indian rode down from the rocks and swatted it with his lance. Old Phineas whacked it back with the butt of his rifle. I look forward to your big Polo Issue this summer.

ANN UDELL

Los Angeles

Sirs,

In your April 14 *Baseball* issue you attempted to explode some myths. I'd like to correct one thing in your LETTER FROM THE PORETHINK. You said that Vince Lombardi was not a member of Fordham's Seven Blocks of Granite but was with a group called the Rocks.

Where did you come across the term Rocks? I have all the official football guides going back to 1930, and in the 1937 guide, on page 148, the 1936 Fordham line is referred to as the Seven Blocks of Granite. There is no mention anywhere of the term Rocks. Also, in the Fordham sports brochure for 1966 the lines of both 1936 and 1937 are called the Blocks.

BOB KIRLIN

Spokane

● Vince Lombardi is a chip off the old Blocks — ED

Sirs,

I found the letter from Publisher Garry Valk in your April 14 issue very interesting. However, I wish to take exception to his attitude toward John Franklin Baker. As a boy, I was a great fan of the old Philadelphia Athletics under Connie Mack. I was in Shibe Park every time I could possibly make it, and I always sat back of third base to watch my hero, Frank Baker

In 1911 the Athletics won the American League pennant, and the New York Giants won the National League pennant. The Giants won the first game of the World Series 2-1. The Athletics won the second game 3-1. The pitchers in that game were Plunk and Marquard. The game was won by Frank Baker with a home run.

The third game of the Series was played at the Polo Grounds in New York. I went with my father to see it. The pitchers were Coombs and Mathewson. In the ninth inning, with one out, Frank Baker hit an other home run, which tied the score. The game was finally won by the Athletics in the 11th inning 3-2.

My point is that Frank was called Home Run Baker because of these two homers off Rube Marquard and Christy Mathewson and not because of the 12 he hit during the season of 1913.

Furthermore, it is utterly unfair to compare Frank Baker and Clifford Cravath with Babe Ruth. Those were the days of the "dead" ball.

E. LANSING BINNETT

East Dennis, Mass.

Sirs,

I read and reread the line re Babe Ruth's Called Shot World Series homer. "But he did not really call the shot." Who says he didn't? I mean, aside from you and Charlie Root?

JOHN GALLAGHER

Los Angeles

● In 1957 the late Herbert Simmons, who was editor of *Baseball Digest* and an eyewitness of the 1932 World Series, reviewed all of the evidence—and non-evidence—of the Called Shot and concluded, "It never happened." Several years later, John Walsh, a free-lance writer, disputed Simmons' findings and presented his *Case for Firth in the Babe's Called Shot* Stands with Simmons. —ED

THE MASTERS

Sirs,

The Masters has come and gone, reflected in an atrocious story, *After the Others Had Gone*, George Was Left (April 21). Following the tradition set two weeks previously in which he both ends and tilts his story at the expense of the unfortunate Roberto de Vicenzo's broken English ("What a stupid I am"), Dan Jenkins spends most of his story mocking Billy Casper's religious habits and the eccentricities of the "mystery players" on the tour.

Is golf that much of a pseudosport (the game of the poorly participant who never has to do so much as jog) that the focus

must be on Casper strolling with the Lord, humming hymns and going to church ("of course") on Sunday? Then there is Knudsen, wearing vinylslopes, so naturally he is "hiding behind his shades." (Yes, Jenkins is hip?) And, of course, Spiro Agnew must be dragged in as a simile for Caddy.

The story is complemented by Curry Kirkpatrick's tale of a new hero (*Bruce and His Babe's Seven Angels*), which, thankfully, is better than the other. But Kirkpatrick also wanders in search of something to say. Does he not know that "sockhops" died long ago? And must he trot out the standard star bit—he outrides Arnie, dresses like Joe and is Jewish like Sandy—so that he is a combination of Palmer-Namath-Koufax? And undergraduates Benjamin, too.

Thankfully these articles were followed by five fine feature stories.

SAF PILLETIER

Nashville

Sirs,

Dan Jenkins goes berserk every once in a while, and perhaps he overflowed a bit, writing the Masters report, also droning Curry Kirkpatrick in the process. Analysis and thoughts, yes. Unjustified derision for the ensemble of events and persons, NO! It really wasn't a good week for Dan, Curry and SI.

DAN HUNT

Clemson, S.C.

Sirs,

Articles like this by Dan Jenkins are the reason we subscribe to SI. His superbly written piece took us to the whole Masters tournament, not just the four finishing holes.

MRS. HENRY C. STEVENS

Akron

ON EWE

Sirs,

I read your notice of the new version of Tom Swifles (*SCOTT CARD*, April 21) and I have decided to cue in.

Horseshoes is a dead ringer. Soccer is a riot. In bowling you can hear a pin drop. Skating is a show job. Bowling is a stroke of genius. Riffery is a blast. Tennis is a racket, so is badminton. Tennis players are sometimes on grass. Track stars run in circles (or ovals) and get nowhere fast. Golfers are real swingers. Pole vaulters move up in the world. Surfing is a wipe-out. Bad golfers get teed off.

I have tried to give everyone equal time, but I found it impossible to touch all bases. If you noticed that I left out baseball I figured I'd let the base runners slide.

NORMAN H. NUNBAUM

Chicago

continued

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RULES OF THE ROAD

Says:

Your recent SCORECARD article about the Yellow River Raceway disaster (*Peril on Yellow River*, March 17), offered several worthy solutions to the problem of auto racing at unsanctioned and thereby unsafe tracks. But these solutions were all aimed at the national associations that govern the sport. I think the "outlaw" tracks should be placed under the jurisdiction of the local law enforcement agencies. The law prohibits racing by citizens under far less dangerous conditions. I feel that the law enforcement agencies should act on this matter before another unnecessary disaster occurs at one of these unsanctioned tracks.

ROBERT LEWIS

Hingham, Mass.

RULES OF THE GAME

Says:

In your article on Ted Williams (*Teaching Them Ted's Way*, March 17) reference was made to Joe McCarthy's "Ten Commandments of Baseball." Judging by the two that were given as illustrations, these sound like some pretty good rules to follow.

Can you tell me where I can get a copy of the rules? I have four sons, and last year we were in three winning pee-wee league contests. I would like to post the commandments in their rooms—they may prove to be influential.

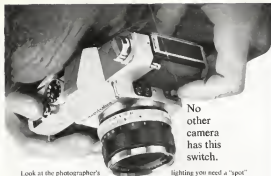
ESTHER E. WIEZOREK

Eric, Pa.

● Here they are:

- 1) Nobody ever became a ballplayer by walking after a ball.
- 2) You will never become a .300 hitter unless you take the bat off your shoulder.
- 3) An outfielder who throws back of a runner is locking the barn after the horse is stolen.
- 4) Keep your head up and you may not have to keep it down.
- 5) When you start to slide, S-L-I-D-E. He who changes his mind may have to change a good leg for a bad one.
- 6) Do not alibi on bad hops. Anybody can field the good ones.
- 7) Always run them out. You never can tell.
- 8) Do not quit.
- 9) Do not find too much fault with the umpires. You cannot expect them to be as perfect as you are.
- 10) A pitcher who hasn't control hasn't anything.—ED.

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